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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Getting It All Down

THIS is not an age of assimilation. That is one reason why it is not an age of standards. It is an age of enormous productiveness, particularly now in the arts, and particularly in this country. By productiveness we do not mean genuine creation in the arts,—for to produce such commentary on life as will stand the test of long years, both by style and content, is a rare performance. But the reporting of many modes of existence against many backgrounds is the assiduous task of thousands of individuals quite literate, semi-literate, and often almost wholly illiterate. Publishers multiply apace. There must be grist for their mills. And in view of the many books produced it is remarkable that so many of them are actually readable, quite apart from the question of their more than passing "significance."

Never have the activities of a period been more fully reported, more widely woven into the stuff of fiction. And concerning every character who lifts his or her head even very fleetingly above the multitude there is immediately a hasty biography. The historian, in looking back upon our time, will find a wealth of varied documentation, such a wealth as it is hard to believe exemplified or characterized other ages.

It will be the function of the future historian to do the assimilating, to witness the true proportions of our epoch emerging from the mass of raw material before him. It is obvious that the critic of today can hardly grapple with this mass. Of course you may say that a great deal of what we call the literature of our time can be roughly classified as the stereotype of all time. The deepest human reactions remain much the same as they have been for ages. Writing that quickens most strongly these deepest human reactions is not essentially different from writing that quickened them in other centuries. The manners of dress and speech and so on of the actors in popular fiction are now of the twentieth century, the manner of depicting them has very slightly changed. That is all. Yet this is also an age of the most intense experimentation, and it presents constantly new views of problems concerning which our elders held quite other opinions. And one book on any given subject breeds a number of others, till "authorities" are multiplied in discussion, authorities of a great deal of contradictory cleverness. If concerning one large issue alone we attempted to read all the contemporary authorities that would, in itself, constitute a lifework, provided we also essayed to ground ourselves thoroughly in the literature from which they drew their own learning.

Nevertheless, it is a rather enheartening spectacle to hear, in the press, in periodicals, in books, so many voices confidently lifted. A great deal of what they say is repetitious or unsatisfyingly conflicting. But there are some notable orators in the forum. Considered geographically, also, in merely one country, our own, the changing customs, habits, ways of thought and speech, and the very nature of the changes in the landscape itself, are all being got down on paper in respect to many different sections and provinces. The Great American Novel that we used to think might be written will now, quite obviously, never be written. There is too much of this country. But it is not a matter of mere size. Take the island of England. There is too much of England to be embraced by any one novelist. The best English novels are decidedly sectional, or they are *London novels,—just as some of our best are New* York novels, or Chicago novels, or those of Cincinnati or of San Francisco.

But let the pens keep ploughing the soil. There is

(*Continued on next page*)

Old Man Pondered

(*English Sonnet of Italian Parts*)

By JOHN CROWE RANSOM

THREE times he crossed our way where with me went
One who is fair and gentle, and it was strange,
But not once glancing did his vision range
Wayward on me, or my most innocent,
But strictly watched his own predicament.
How are old spirits so dead? His eye seemed true
As mine, he walked by it, it was as blue,
How came it monstered in its fixed intent?

But I will venture how. In his long years
Close-watched and dangerous, many a bright-barbed hate
Burning had smote against the optic gate
To enter and destroy. But the quick gears
Blinked shut the aperture. Else those grim leers
Had won to the inner chamber where sat Hope
To spin and pray, and made her misanthrope,
And bled her courage with a thousand spears.

Thus hate and scorn. And he must guard as well
[illegible]
Was perilous too for the lone sitter-in,
So hard consented to her little cell;
The tenderest looks vainly upon him fell,
Of dearest company, lest one light arrow
Be sharpened with a most immortal sorrow.
So had he kept his mansion shut of hell.

Firm and upright he walked for one so old,
Thrice-pondered; and I dare not prophesy
What age must bring me; for I look round bold
And seek my enemies out; and leave untold
The sideway watery dog's-glances I
Send fawning on you, thinking you will not scold.

This Week

"Gleanings in Europe."
Reviewed by FRED L. PATTEE.

"The Diary of John Quincy Adams."
Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD.

"On Straw and Other Conceits."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

"Little Caesar."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

"Hardware."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"Frontiers of Trade."
Reviewed by STUART CHASE.

"English Illumination."
Reviewed by KINGSLEY PORTER.

Three Retreats.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Dr. Johnson."
Reviewed by FREDERICK A. POTTLE.

Next Week, or Later

The Sagas and Ourselves.
By GARNET SMITH.

Cooper the Critic*

By FRED L. PATTEE

THAT there are two Fenimore Coopers—the romantic Cooper of the Leather-Stocking Tales and "The Pilot," and the later fighting Cooper, the choleric individualist who wrote "six volumes to show he's as good as a lord" and who sued Greeley's *Tribune* and a dozen others for libel—all this has been a commonplace of criticism since Knickerbocker days. It has been the romantic Cooper who has filled our anthologies and engaged our critics. The didactic Cooper, "the "Home-as-Found" Cooper, has been a subject only for apology. We have deplored him, and we have consigned large eras of his published work to the ash-heap. Before me on my desk stand fourteen separate volumes by Cooper, all of them, save a solitary modern instance,* unreissued since their publication in the eighteen-thirties. That the "Gleanings in Europe" volumes are to be reissued—the publishers announce a second volume soon—is one of the major literary events of the year.

What has kept these books from the man's published "set" for almost a full century? Are they not the *real* Cooper? An adequate answer would require a volume. It would require first of all an analysis of the spirit of the early nineteenth century in America, a history of the hidden currents below the conventional surface history.

* * *

First of all, one must realize that Cooper began his literary career comparatively late in life and by sheer accident. His early volumes were desultory, all of them experiments, and all of them dominated by the pathetic fallacy of the eighteen-twenties, a fallacy nowhere so completely and so eloquently stated as in Gardiner's review of "The Spy" in the *North American Review* of 1821 and of "The Last of the Mohicans" in the same *Review* in 1826, —American literature should be made of American materials, American romance should concern itself with three romantic areas, "the times just succeeding the first settlement, the era of the Indian wars, which lie scattered along a considerable period, and the Revolution." But chiefest of all American themes was the Indian, the romantic Indian "tracking his foe through the pathless forest with instinctive sagacity, by the fallen leaf, the crushed moss, or the bent blade, patiently enduring cold, hunger, and watchfulness, while he crouched in the night-grass," etc., etc. For a generation the Indian was supposed to be our literary salvation. Whittier reviewing Brainard in 1832, remarked that "New England is full of romance; and her writers would do well to follow the example of Brainard. The great forest which our fathers penetrated—the red men—their struggle and their disappearance—the pow-wow and the war-dance, the savage inroad and the English sally—the tale of superstition and the scenes of witchcraft,—all these are rich materials of poetry."

The influence of Gardiner's review upon Cooper was strong and immediate. Romance was to be his profession and American romance. He wrote "The Pioneers" to please himself, then "The Pilot," then impetuously he began a series of thirteen historical romances of the Revolution one for each state. Only one however was finished,—"Lionel Lincoln." He was off on another trail. Over his Heckwelder he worked out an Indian romance, "The Last of the Mohicans," legendary history now, and he followed it with "The Red Rover," still another experiment,

* GLEANINGS IN EUROPE. FRANCE. By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. Edited by ROBERT E. SPILLER. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $3.50.

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fabricated romance this time. Thus far experiment, no two volumes in the same field, nothing that seemed to hold him or satisfy him. He was a victim of the pathetic fallacy of the decade. Romance founded upon American materials was thin stuff. Concerning life in the wilderness but a single volume could be written; a second must be a repetition. In 1828 after "The Red Rover," *The North American Review*, changed all of a sudden its position as to the materials of romance. Grenville Mellen reviewing Cooper's romance, declared it foolishness to require that "work of imagination should report the character and manners of the country where they were written." And as for the Indians, "There is not enough in the character and life of these poor natives to furnish the staple of a novel."

Whether Cooper read this review or not we do not know. What we do know is that at the same moment he took the same stand as Mellen. In his 1828 book, "Notions of the Americans Picked Up by a Traveling Bachelor," an elaborate work issued in London in two volumes, he declared that

> All attempts to blend history and romance in America have been comparative failures. . . . The baldness of ordinary American-life is in deadly hostility to scenic representation. . . . There are no annals for the historian; no follies (beyond the most vulgar and commonplace) for the satirist; no manners for the dramatist; no obscure fictions for the writer of romance; no gross and hardy offences against decorum for the moralist; nor any of the rich artificial auxiliaries of poetry. . . . Some of the descriptions of the progress of society on the borders have had a rather better success, since there is a positive, though no very poetical, novelty in the subject; but on the whole, the books that have been best received are those in which the authors have trusted most to their own conceptions of character, and to qualities that are common to the rest of the world.

A few years later he added this: "A more impudent piece of literary empiricism has never been palmed on the world than the pretension that the American reading public requires American themes."

From this 1828 volume, what I have called "the second Cooper"—the independent, didactic, propagandic Cooper, the Cooper that resented with his whole soul the English dictum that he was the "American Scott"—begins to be evident. His next

* * *

This new spirit which is so evident in the 1828 volume is explainable partly by the fact that Cooper when he wrote it had been in Europe, closely in touch with the best circles of society both in England and on the Continent, and that new perspectives had opened before him in every direction. Cooper—despite conventional opinion—was a man of refinement and culture. He had been prepared for college by years in the home of an English scholar who gave him a "fit" that would have made him at home in Oxford or Cambridge; he had taken three years of the course at Yale; he had married a woman of rare refinement; and there is every evidence that for years he kept abreast of the best literary currents of his day. But in Europe he was everywhere received as a crude and curious specimen from the wilds of America. The ignorance of the old world concerning his native land amazed him, and its cocksureness and its condescension, especially in England, filled him with rage. It aroused in him the domineering, fighting spirit that had been his birthright from his border-trained father, Judge Cooper, whom he had so vividly depicted in "The Pioneers." The didactic element was strong in the man. Single-handed he set out to educate Europe concerning America, and America concerning Europe. And he did it with honest intent. Here is his creed:

> The American who should write a close, philosophical, just, popular, and yet comprehensive view of the fundamental differences that exist between the political and social relations of England and those of his own country, would confer on the latter one of the greatest benefits it has received since the memorable events of July 4, 1776. That was a declaration of political independence, only, while this might be considered the foundation of the mental emancipation which alone can render a nation great, by raising its opinion to the level of its facts.

The "Notions of the Americans" is volume one in Cooper's educational series. It is an honest attempt to present to Europe without prejudice or superlatives the actuality of America in the eighteen-twenties. It is, therefore, a document of enormous interest at the present time. It is little short of amazing that it has been left in its first edition, unpublished for a century. In the appendix "a" of the volume he presents an essay on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners" thirty pages long and more illuminating and more really valuable than Lowell's published a generation later. Note a paragraph like this:

> These good folks are prodigious patronizers. Nothing makes them so happy as to get an American, and to show him that they are not above treating him as an equal; and in order that the poor foreigner should have no excuse for denying the condescension, they neglect no opportunity of exhibiting it. These people are every moment giving you solemn assurances that they are above the vulgar prejudices of the rest of the world, and perhaps you are gravely told that the party despises the theory which says physical nature is not so perfect in America as in Europe, by an individual who is gravely looking up in your face at an angle of forty-five degrees. One of the best-bred, natural, and easy women that I met in London was a countrywoman of mine. A very cosmopolite took occasion to compliment me on the subject; but, probably fearing that he had said too much, he concluded by telling me that "she had been *caught* young!" On another occasion I was assured, in the presence of twenty people, that a countryman of my own "could not have been a finer gentleman than he was had he been educated in London or Paris!" An American lady was dancing in the midst of fifty Englishwomen, and her performance was so creditable that I was led to believe by a bystander that he saw no difference in her grace and that of the belles of his own island! I should be ungrateful indeed not to acknowledge the polished liberality of such concessions, which, I can candidly assure you, exceeds anything in the same way I ever heard in my own country. But these are cases to be laughed at: I am sorry to say that others occur in which indignation destroys the spirit of merriment.

It is inexplicable that the article has never been republished. The chapter on the condition of American literature, the elucidations of American democracy, the condensations of American history, the explanation of the federal system, the gazetteer picturings of American scenery, the comments on the state of American society—all of them are now first-hand documents of unique value. Had, for instance, the chapter on the character of Washington been written by a New Englander, it would have been from the first a stock piece in all the school readers.

* * *

During the rest of his life Cooper was primarily

"The Heidenmauer," "The Headsman," all of them written to instruct the world in government:

> With these views of what was enacting around me in Europe, and with the painful conviction that many of my own countrymen were influenced by the fallacy that nations could be governed by an irresponsible minority, without involving a train of nearly intolerable abuses, I determined to attempt a series of tales in which American opinion should be brought to bear on European facts. With this design "The Bravo" was written, Venice being its scene, and her polity its subject.

Arriving home in 1833 after seven years abroad he was impressed with the fact that America was as ignorant of Europe as Europe was of America and impetuously he set out to educate his countrymen. Five two-volume works under the general title of "Gleanings in Europe" followed, five books written with enthusiasm, with philosophic insight, and at times with rare descriptive and narrative power,—five books to place on the same shelf with Emerson's "English Traits," Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," and Holmes's "Our Hundred Days in Europe," and to be placed there without apology. His studies of English and French national characteristics are at times—one may say it without reservations—on the same plane as Emerson's. One is tempted to quote interminably—epigrams such as

> A Frenchman will often talk an hour without a true argument or a false quantity.

Or to quote critical dictums such as,

> These very works of Sir Walter Scott are replete with one species of danger to the American readers; and the greater the talents of the writer, as a matter of course, the greater is the evil. The bias of his feelings, his prejudices, I might almost say his nature, is deference to hereditary rank . . . the deference of mere feudal and conventional laws, which have their origin in force, and are continued by prejudice and wrong. This idea pervades his writings, not in professions, but in the deep, insinuating current of feeling, and in a way, silently and stealthily, to carry with it the sympathies of the reader. Sir Walter Scott may be right, but if he is right our system is radically wrong.

That he was honest in his observations and fearless even to rashness is everywhere evident,—in such remarks, for instance, as this:

> The tendencies of democracies are, in all things, ocracy, since the tastes, knowledge, and principles majority form the tribunal of appeal. This circum, while it certainly serves to elevate the average qualitie, the nation, renders the introduction of a high standard d. ficult. Thus we find in literature, the arts, architecture, and all acquired knowledge, a tendency in America to gravitate toward the common centre in this, as in other things, lending a value and estimation to mediocrity that are not elsewhere given;

and

> The worst tendency we have at home is manifested by a rapacity for money, which when ~~ob~~tained, is to be spent in little besides eating and drinking;

or

> The American who gets the good word of England is sure of having that of his own country, and he who is abused in England will be certain of being about at home.

Rash he undoubtedly was in his own day, but Time has vindicated him, even in his most radical dictums, as this for instance:

> I take it that the institutions of England have more to apprehend from the influence of our own than from the influence of all the rest of the world united.

The reason why America flouted his wisdom he understood perfectly, but he never for a moment hesitated or lowered his standards:

> This tendency to repel every suggestion of inferiority is one of the surest signs of provincial habits; it is exactly the feeling with which the resident of the village resents what he calls the "airs" of the town—in short, it is the jealousy of inferiority.

but he hoped against hope, it would seem, that his own people would understand him:

> The French have a clever and pithy saying, that of *On peut tout dire à un grand peuple*—One may tell all to a great nation.

When one adds to all this didactic material such later books of sheer purpose as "The Monikins," "Home as Found," "Satanstoe," "The Chain-bearers," "The Redskins," "The Crater," "The Sea Lions," and "Ways of the Hour," one is prepared for the statement that the real Cooper was this second Cooper and that he has most unaccountably been

Spiller, the new editor of the "Gleanings" volumes: "as a social critic he antedated Carlyle, Mill, and Emerson, and he was in a better position than any of them to judge and compare both Europe and America." We do not know Cooper—yet. By all means let *all* of him be republished and let his life and work be revalued in view of *all* that he attempted to do.

Getting It All Down

(*Continued from preceding page*)

still plenty of soil to plough, though to the conservative it may seem that human nature is practically the same all over the earth,—so of what interest to paint in Wisconsin for background, or Italy, or Kamchatka? That may be so, taken by and large, but there are notable differences. Environment does affect the human being, does alter his scale of values. Culture, true culture, aside from giving us an intimate acquaintance with our past, should also give us as thorough as possible an acquaintance with our present in all its various manifestations. It enables us to observe life as many-facetted,—and hence increases its fascination. It prevents one arriving at a philosophical "dead end." Therefore, let us assimilate as much as we can, in the rapid course of life in this age, undismayed by the fact that there is much that we most certainly shall have no time for. We can guess at a good deal of it, as our interest in many sides of life increases. And with increased intelligence we shall probably strike close to the truth.

During Mr. Canby's absence in Europe the editorials will be written during June and the first week in July by William Rose Benét, and during July and the first two weeks in August by Amy Loveman.

The death occurred recently in Dublin of Mrs. Alice Stopford Green, the Irish historian and widow of John Richard Green, the historian. Mrs. Green had been a member of the Irish Free State Senate since its inception, having been nominated by the Government.

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A Unique Persona

THE DIARY OF JOHN QUINC[illegible]MS, 1794-1845. Edited by ALLAN NEVINS. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

SOMEONE should have intervened to dissuade the publishers of Mr. Nevins's book from announcing it is "a discovery in biography," and referring to the original edition as "obscurely published fifty-four years ago in a twelve-volume set" which "passed out of print in 1880, neglected by an America little interested in its own heroes." The "Memoirs," as they were entitled, of John Quincy Adams were issued in 1874-77 by what was at that time, and still is, one of the best-known publishing houses in America; and although the work was not kept in print after the original demand had been met, it is to be found in every library of American historical literature worthy of the name, and has been known and used by historical scholars ever since its appearance as a source of first-rate importance. Now, of course, it has become rare, and Mr. Nevins has performed a useful service in culling the most important passages for the benefit of students and others who do not need to consult the original. Some day, it is to be hoped, a similar process of intelligent editing will be applied to the collected writings of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and other American statesmen, embalmed at present in elaborate and expensive editions which none but the well-to-do can afford to buy, and which few private libraries could find space to shelve.

"No other American diarist," Mr. Nevins observes, "touched life at quite so many points, over quite so long a period, as John Quincy Adams," and several pages of Mr. Nevins's admirable introduction are taken up with summary indications of how numerous those points of contact were. Adams's initiation into diplomacy, through which he was later to pass into American domestic politics, may be said to have begun in 1778, at the age of eleven, when he accompanied his father, John Adams, on a mis[illegible] was

years' service as Senator from Massachusetts, made Minister to Russia, and before he returned to the United States, in 1817, to become Secretary of State under Monroe, he had taken the leading part in negotiating the Treaty of Ghent, which closed the War of 1812, and had negotiated a commercial treaty with Great Britain. The Florida treaty of 1819 added to his achievements as a diplomatist, and he had much to do (unfortunately we do not yet know exactly how much) with the formulation and promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine. From 1825 to 1829 he was President; then, after a brief interval, Massachusetts sent him to the House of Representatives, where he remained, battling sturdily for free speech and the right of petition in the face of violent opposition from slave-State leaders, until his death, in a committee-room of the House, on February 23, 1848.

* * *

Adams has come to be regarded as an unfortunate misfit, and such he was, in certain conspicuous respects, during his presidency. His personal appearance was not impressive, his voice was not agreeable, and he had a full measure of the pride and prejudice of a family more than ordinarily distinguished by those qualities. He stood, as President, on a watershed between the old order and the new, as much out of sympathy with a generation which was casting off its old political moorings as he was with an oncoming Jacksonian democracy destined to play havoc with the traditional tone and manner of American public life. Yet if any man on the American political stage at that time could be said to have had a preparation for leadership, it was he. He knew Europe at first hand, spoke several languages and read several others, had taken part in great events and stood close to others as an observer, and enjoyed a wider personal acquaintance abroad than all of his American contemporaries put together, perhaps, could boast. The ways of American domestic politics, too, were a part of his personal experience. His presidential messages show a breath of view hardly to be matched, if, indeed, it is to be matched at all, in the whole period before the Civil War, and his great fight for the right of petition still stands as one of the most brilliant combats in the annals of Congress. He was, in short, as Mr. Nevins remarks, "one of the most picturesque, salient, and provocative figures in all American history," but the American democracy was not prepared to acclaim those qualities, or at least to acclaim them in him.

Just how, in the incessant occupations of his public life, Adams found time to write with his own hand the voluminous diary of which the original twelve-volume edition contains only a part, is hard to understand. Early rising and methodical habits doubtless had something to do with it, but even so his days, especially while he was in the diplomatic service, were exceedingly laborious. It is almost equally a mystery that he should have found time for so many things not obviously official. He read enormously, dined and took tea, indulged in long walks and horseback rides, played cards, went often to the theatre, discussed literature, philosophy, politics, and the happenings of the day with a long list of notables, attended church, read the Bible through every year, usually in English but on occasions in French or German, made himself an authority on

ſtámẽt maiſtre francois Villon

Eylan de mon trentieſme aage
Que toutes mes hontes ieuz beues
Ne du tout fol encor ne ſaige
Nonobſtant maintes peines eues
Leſquelles iay toutes receues
Soubz la main thibault danſſigny
Seueſqueil eſt ſeignant les rues
Quil ſoit le mien ie le regny

Illustration from "François Villon," the volume by D. B. Wyndham Lewis which preceded "On Straw and Other Conceits" (Coward-McCann—Edwin Valentine Mitchell).

weights and measures, lectured for a short time on rhetoric and oratory at Harvard, and late in life interested himself in promoting the study of astronomy. With the exception of Jefferson and Roosevelt, we have had no President who could compare with Adams in omnivorous intellectual interest, and while his political reflections are hardly to be called profound, they were practical, serious, resolute, and highminded.

All this, and a vast deal more, may be read in the diary. To his journal Adams confided not only a minute record of the day's work, but also his hopes and fears, his opinions of the people with whom he dealt, and his estimates of himself. His pen was often dipped in gall, and not a few of his appraisals evince a bitter temper and a rankling disappointment, but his insight was keen, and what he set down he evidently meant. For the good judgment with which Mr. Nevins has carried through the considerable task of abridging the diary there can be nothing but praise. If his book is not exactly a discovery in biography, it is certainly a helpful guide to the understanding of a unique personality.

The Trustees of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation recently established a system of exchange Fellowships between the United States and Latin America.

Compact of Wit

ON STRAW AND OTHER CONCEITS. By D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS. New York: Coward-McCann. Hartford: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. 1929. $1.25.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

THE English "Who's Who," among its acres of unsuggestive names and its several columns of Lewises, contains only one Lewis known or heard of outside of watever peculiar group or environment it may be that the selection implies; and that one an American, Christian name Sinclair. Neither the coruscating philosopher and critic, one of the most singular minds in England at present, Wyndham Lewis, author of "The Lion and the Fox," "The Art of Being Ruled," and so on, is there, nor D. B. Wyndham Lewis, said to be the most famous columnist in London, author of the best life extant, in English at least, of François Villon. The English "Who's Who" is not supposed to be a minor Debrett. From the standpoint of literature and general information a protest seems to be in order. The brilliancy of both Wyndham Lewises is so remarkable, that the above volume (presumably a selection from the column in the *Daily Mail*) sent me to the English "Who's Who" in query if there were any connection between them, only to discover that respectable compilation was unaware of either.

"On Straw and Other Conceits" may not be a selection from the column in the *Daily Mail*, or not altogether. In any case it is all compact of wit and good writing, and the question only matters to the comparative consideration of our own famous columnists, from the details of whose pillared porticoes (Gothic mostly, or Baroque) selections have been made and envolumed. One, from the columns of the late Keith Preston, was lately here reviewed.

Columnism would be a noble subject for a doctoral thesis, with chapters on: The Column as Species, Sources of Columnism; The Relation of Columnism to the Greek Epigram: Benjamin [illegible] Columnism from the Danbury Newsman, through Eugene Field, to Morley, Marquis, and F. P. A.

* * *

"On Straw" is not a collection of pot shots in paragraphs, but of essays in persiflage, triumphant and free. Read even beside an Elian essay by Lamb, or DeQuincey on "Murder as a Fine Art," they stand up surprisingly well. They are full of whimsical learning; of dislikes that are various and venomous, emphatic and engaging. The verse acts as if it did not care whether it were slipshod or not, and is not. The world is so full of bunk that the joys of the satirist are endless. He can go on forever pushing in distended shirt fronts. He ought to be buoyant and gay, since the fat faces of the foolish lie prostrate before him in limitless vista, a primrose path of dalliance, and the more he tramples and jabs, the greater his skill and wit and pleasure in his nimble lightenings, the more they are, more or less placidly, still there.

Mr. Lewis is for me better reading than any of our American columnistic selections. It may be because I am a bookish person. His reading is wide; his learning is ingrain; it is interwoven like a Persian carpet. He presupposes bookish readers, at home in the world of ideas. Mr. Morley's reading may be as wide, but his writing tends to run wordy and thin. Preston, Marquis, and F. P. A. write mainly for the man in the street, who rises promptly to a jest about politicians and ice-men, babies and bores, but in whom are roused no happy thoughts by a burlesque of Housman or Pirandello, or pat quotations from old French poets. What can he do with a gay paragraph, whose language and references, in three or four sentences, demand that Addison, Rasselas, Sapphic metre, lobster *mousse*, Spanish wine, Goethe, Arnold's "Forsaken Merman," and Henley's "De Profundis," shall be as familiar to him as breakfast? What to him is the proof in terms of scholastic logic that Mr. Sidney Webb not only believes in fairies but probably is one?

I am something of a bookman, but am stumped by the following: "It is well known (and there is a charming ancient poem explaining it) that most of the Fairies vanished at the same time as the Friars;

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that would be about the year 1539, the thirtieth of Henry the Eighth, who suffered so damnably from boils." What poem is that? The only charming ancient poem about it, which jumps to my recollection, explains that they vanished with the coming, not the departure, of the friars; and that would be about three centuries before the eighth Henry who so suffered from boils. The poem would be somewhere about the reign of the fourth Henry who suffered so damnably from insomnia. Mr. Lewis knows more ancient poems than I do.

Modern-Day Bravos

LITTLE CÆSAR. By W. R. BURNETT. New York: Dial Press. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

SOME of us are growing a little weary of the flood of plays and novels about Chicago racketeers and gunmen. Granted that they represent a disturbing social phenomenon, there is not a great deal that can truly be said about them, and when it is once said it stales with repetition. Mr. Burnett's story, however, is the best of the lot, or at any rate the best of the half dozen or so novels on the theme which have come to this reviewer's notice; for which thanks are due not only to the author but to Ernest Hemingway. The Hemingway style has often been ineptly imitated, and employed on material which it was not equipped to handle. "Little Cæsar" is a proof, however, that it is an admirable style in its own field, when it is well done; it would not suit the characters of Elinor Wylie or Eleanor Carroll Chilton, but for such raw and simple figures as Chicago gunmen it is of excellent service.

In "Little Cæsar" there is not a wasted word, or a wasted emotion. Mr. Burnett represents his killers precisely as the psychopathologists have found them—men of atrophied emotions, inflated egotism, and virtually no intellect. In this civilization so highly hymned by Mr. Hoover and others, they are throwbacks to the types of the Dark Ages, because in certain strata of American life the conditions of the Dark Ages are reproduced—wealth ready for the looting, and no secure or adequate governmental protection. Behind the gang of Sam Vettori, whose leadership was presently usurped by the "Little Cæsar" of the story—Cesare Bandello, known as Rico—stood the Big Boy, a politician who could "fix anything but murder." And because Rico, in the course of a big night-club robbery, was unable to refrain from murder—the murder of a captain of detectives, at that—he and his gang eventually fell.

Most of these gunmen and racketeers are simple bravos of any age of barbarism—men with no interests except women, liquor, money, and a certain gaudy display. There are variations within the type—Otero the Mexican, with a simple feudal loyalty to his hero and chief; Joe Massara the night-club dancer, with his gentility complex; Tony the weakling who turned soft and was shot by his own gang on his way to confession. And there are the men who rise, as Sam Vettori did, by a slight but sufficient superiority in self-control. Rico did not drink, he was not much interested in women; but the egotism of his type turned in him to an ambition for power, and he had the very modest degree of intelligence necessary to discover that it occasionally pays to postpone immediate enjoyment for the sake of greater gains in the future. But even Rico lacked the intelligence to perceive that it did not pay to shoot a captain of detectives. Truly, these men seem to be sub-human; even if the conditions that give them local and temporary power be cleaned up, it is hard to see what we are going to do with them. "Civilize 'em with a Krag" would seem to be the most useful method, and there is apparent reason in the theory of the police that under ordinary circumstances they should not be disturbed in their favorite sport of killing each other off.

All of which begins to be an old story; but Mr. Burnett has told it with remarkable precision and detachment, directness and lucidity. From the plotting of the night-club robbery that led to Rico's rise, and ultimately to his fall, down to his death in a Toledo alley, the story sweeps along with a speed, clarity, and compactness that make Mr. Burnett's method a delight even to those who are not greatly interested in his matter.

"Mon Elle"

THE BOOK OF MONELLE. By MARCEL SCHWOB. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

WITH the curiously formless and vague "Book of Monelle" the Franco-Jewish writer Marcel Schwob made one of the principal contributions to symbolist prose at the turn of the century. The best of his talent undoubtedly went into the short stories and the "Imaginary Lives," already translated into English, but the personal anguish which is to be felt throughout the pages which he devoted to his nameless mistress lend a certain interest to this book, which Mr. William Brown Meloney the Fifth has devoutly rendered into English and for which John Erskine has provided an introduction.

The adventure related by Schwob is simple enough. He met one evening in Paris a girl, a worker in a shop, with whom he lived for two years. Her health during this period became steadily worse, and she finally died of tuberculosis. Schwob expressed his grief in this book, which Maeterlinck, Anatole France, Mallarmé, Rodenbach, and others have hailed as a masterpiece. In it the heroine is never named,—she is "mon elle"—and is frequently unmentioned for many pages. She is never characterized or described, yet by setting down her sayings in a manner reminiscent of biblical parables, by telling in short sketches the fate of "The Sisters of Monelle," and finally by telling the simple story of her life and death, Schwob has erected a funeral monument as fitting as anything of the sort written in recent years.

Unfortunately all this is expressed in a manner and a style which appear at the moment extraordinarily artificial and in the worst sense of the word "dated" for this generation. Symbolism, especially in prose, has become a difficult thing to stomach, and it is not yet far enough from us to be seen in true historical perspective. Under the circumstances Schwob's work, in spite of its undoubted importance, is not likely to attract the attention of many save such professional enthusiasts as Mr. Meloney and Professor Erskine. Nevertheless, Schwob is a figure deserving of respect, and his great sincerity, his wide knowledge, and his friendship with such English writers as Meredith and Stevenson make the translation of his books a necessity, however little the service may be repaid.

Barbarian Conquerors

HARDWARE. By EDWARD L. MCKENNA. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

OUR complex and compelling civilization has reached a point at which it takes a half-envious interest in those who are still able to resist it; witness the recent flood of biographies of the eccentrics, the barbaric survivals, and the articles by tramps and prizefighters in our most sophisticated magazines. "Hardware" is a novel of three generations of such barbarian conquerors in our metropolis: the grandfather, out from Ireland with two pounds odd in his pocket, who drifts to Brooklyn by way of Sydney, Buenos Ayres, and a fo'c's'le or two, and becomes a successful saloon-keeper; his son, who rises to be a Tammany boss, and his grandson, a reckless, almost romantic, young bootlegger.

Michael Cronin, the middle generation, is the dominating figure of the book. He stands out splendidly, with his firm, swaggering conceit of himself, his physical prowess, his liberality at any direct appeal, his loyalty to friends and leaders, his belief in his own principles.

> "This is how it is" (he says). "If a good Democrat gets in, he gets his, and his friends get theirs. If an organization Republican gets in, he gets his, and the rest of the boys get theirs. But let a reformer get in once, and he gets twice as much as both of them put together, and nobody else gets anything, for he hasn't got any friends."

One can well understand his fascination for his wife, Cornelia, from one of the old Dutch families of the Heights, who became for him a great political hostess in the Red Hook, where it is harder than in Mayfair, who would be his flamboyant mistress when he was tired, and his devoted helpmate when he was worried by a reform campaign. One understands how he made of her "the Boss's wife," and made himself the Boss.

But one cannot but notice that he is not really a civilized man. His virtues are those of a noble out of the Dark Ages, or a Hibernian chieftain: that they are also the virtues of a ruler of modern New York is so much the worse for New York. As one of our acquaintances in fiction, one would not change a hair of him; as one of our governors in fact, one would like to see in him some recognition of the virtues he has not. Odysseus's companions in Circe's pen are sad enough sights; but the followers of Comus are far worse, far.

> They, so perfect in their misery,
> Not once perceive their foul disfigurement.

The story is told in a manner worthy of hard-fisted Cronins. The characters are three-dimensional and living, the style straightforward and firm. "Hardware" should appeal to a large number of readers, and deserves to have them.

The American Background

THE X I T RANCH OF TEXAS. By J. EVETTS HALEY. Chicago: The Lakeside Press. 1929.

THIS is one of those local histories of the American background which are doing so much to enlarge and enrich our knowledge of the American past. The X I T Ranch was originally a great tract of land in Texas given to the Farwell family of Chicago in lieu of cash payment for the erection of a State capitol. It was a generous slice of old Spanish America, a typical region of the great plains where pioneering passed through its cowboy phase, and the long horned steer for a while was king. Ostensibly this book is the history of a great family property; actually it is a cross-section of Western life and development made accurate and concrete by its reference to one great project.

It is needless to point out the value as source material of our history of such a controlled study. Mr. Haley could have made a useful book merely by setting in order the records he has assiduously collected, but he has gone far beyond a mere factual presentation. He has given the X I T its setting in Western history, he has emphasized the social significance of its transmutations through traces of Spanish life, cowboys, "bad men," fences, the fight for law, longhorns, to thoroughbreds, colonization, farming, oil, and a civilized community. The book is documented and scholarly; it is also well written and interesting. If our Wild West writers would check up their melodrama by such a sober but immensely picturesque account of conditions as they actually existed upon one Texas ranch we should have less fustian or more true romance,—for there is the setting and the incident for a dozen stories in this book. It will join that rapidly growing library of books that tell what America was really like, and lose nothing in interest by the truth of their telling.

THE books listed below have been read with interest by the Editors of *The Saturday Review* and have seemed to us worthy of especial recommendation to our subscribers. It is our desire to bring to the attention of our readers books of real excellence, especially books by new or not widely known authors, which may not always get the recognition which we believe they deserve.

★THE LADY OF LAWS. By SUSANNE TRAUTWEIN. Elliot Holt. A realistic historical novel, in which the more spiritual aspects of medieval Italy, as exemplified in the heroine, are pitted against the ideal of force represented by a soldier of fortune.

★CLASS REUNION. By FRANZ WERFEL. Simon & Schuster. A compact study of adolescence and its repercussions in later life which never flags in interest as its plot unfolds.

★THE WINGED HORSE ANTHOLOGY. By JOSEPH AUSLANDER and FRANK ERNEST HILL. Doubleday, Doran. An anthology of great English verse which complements its editors' earlier story of poetry, "The Winged Horse."

The Saturday Review
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Helpful Uncle Sam

FRONTIERS OF TRADE. By JULIUS KLEIN. New York: The Century Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by STUART CHASE
Author of "Getting Your Money's Worth"

I FORGET who it was that made us soft hat conscious, but he did an expeditious and thorough job. Al Smith's brown derby was about the only survivor of the landslide. To Washington came the manufacturers of ordinary derbies, wringing the hands, crying to Heaven, and imploring Dr. Klein to find them a market for their unsold stock. Buttons are pressed, bells ring, telegraphs click, papers rustle—and lo! a variety of Central American Indian, it appears, is never so pleased as when poised under a derby hat. Can the natives use more? They can. Indeed they will do their best to absorb the whole surplus. The hat manufacturers embrace Dr. Klein, and depart shouting hosannas in honor of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, of which he is the chief. As why should they not? Nor are his activities confined to the international derby market. Here is a manufacturer wailing piteously before a mountain of cheap alarm clocks which a stiffening of local sales resistance has piled up. What, oh what, shall he do? The Bureau locates some aborigines who like alarm clocks for the noises that they make, and are happily not fussy as to time-keeping qualities. The shipments are duly invoiced to a trader who turns an honest penny by keeping the keys on his own person and charging the enchanted aborigines five cents for each rewinding of their clocks. . . . Indeed there seems to be no end to Dr. Klein's ingenuity in finding markets. "The same story could be told of our outgrown or discarded radio sets, of countless types and styles of wearing apparel, musical instruments, furniture."

A manufacturer of tennis rackets finds himself with only six months of active business. His overhead swamps him in the idle months. He appeals to the Bureau. An intensive study is made of the tennis playing habits of people in the antipodes. Today, forty-five per cent of the manufacturer's output goes to Australia, Argentina, and South Africa, and he is busy the year around. When the home market collapsed for violently perfumed and colored soaps after the War, the natives of Malaysia, after due investigation, took up the slack. The soap was made in La Belle, Ohio, but the packages were marked La Belle France, thus adding doubtless to the delight of the Malaysians.

Into the Bureau come running—beseeching assistance—collectors of barber shop short hair; collectors of "animals discarded from circuses and zoos on account of incompatibility"; snarers of edible bullfrogs—for which a market, after long search, was found in Japan; manufacturers of canned soup trying to amend the food inspection laws of foreign lands—and succeeding; fabricators of glass-eyes asking for a chart showing the complexion and eye color of the world's peoples; shoe men wanting to know the foot size of the various tribes of Latin America, and what percentage of the same are misguided enough to go barefooted; accident-insurance companies demanding the number of arms broken by cranking automobiles, nation by nation; up-and-coming morticians asking a survey of world burial practices (doubtless for full page lay-outs); patent medicine export managers wanting to know the "best climates for rheumatism"—meaning, of course, the worst.

The exports of Hollywood have

started a regular prairie-fire of enthusiasm for American specialties. We have seen the results in the steadily mounting figures in our exports of bathing suits, office appliances, ready-made clothing, automobiles, automatic vendors, electric refrigerators. . . . The South American business man sees a film of a Wall Street magnate in the midst of batteries of adding machines, calculators, new-fangled filing devices, and multigraph apparatus, and he immediately resolves to surround himself with the same scenery of opulence. . . . Hence one more query added to the Bureau's total.

Over ten thousand queries come to the Bureau every day—including both domestic and foreign sources. The home manufacturer wants to know where he can find or improve a market, the foreigner where he can find supplies, or perhaps himself find an American market. Dr. Klein is thus a colossal liaison officer keeping the business men of the world, so far as their business has anything to do with the United States, in touch with one another. "The Frontiers of Trade" is not concerned solely or primarily with recording the curious and interesting aspects of the exchange of information. I have quoted from one chapter only, simply because I found it the most amusing in the book. I had no idea Uncle Sam was such a helpful fellow. I shall remember him against the day when my publisher tells me to send a push-cart for unsold editions, 'ere the books are burned. Perhaps I can find a market for them in Timbuktu; perhaps I can even find a trader to read them aloud at five cents a page per native listener—and split fifty fifty with him.

There are many other chapters, most of them well worth reading. We follow the growth of American trade and investment since the War, and note with some surprise that our total foreign loans are still far less than England's. She has twenty billions invested abroad and we but thirteen billion. There is an enlightening chapter on foreign monopolies—rubber, iodine, quinine, coffee, potash, sisal, camphor; and much common sense in respect to that misused phrase—"a favorable balance of trade." Dr. Klein shows us clearly that it means nothing at all until all items are comprehended—invisible, like tourists spendings, as well as the more visible pig iron shipments.

I cannot find anything about foreign trade and the marines in Nicaragua, and I cannot share the author's optimism in respect to the economic revival of Great Britain. We might have a number of misunderstandings about this and that—but essentially the book is non contentious. It is a handbook, a fact book, untroubled with deep philosophical import, seldom touching the ugly underlying currents of imperialism, and the competitive scrambles for foreign markets which may some day boil up in warfare. The theme is essentially sweetness and light, and what a great, splendid nation we have, and great, splendid president, and great, splendid Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. If you weary of the theme, however, as I am afraid that I did, there are still the facts, thousands of them, lovely facts about derbies, alarm clocks, Chilian nitrates, and airplanes plotting the Amazon.

English Illumination

ENGLISH ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS. By ERIC G. MILLAR. Paris: Van Oest. Vol. I. From the Xth to the XIIIth Century. 1926. Vol. II. Of the XIVth and XVth Centuries. 1928.

ENGLISH ILLUMINATION. By O. ELFRIEDA SAUNDERS. Paris: The Pegasus Press. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928. 2 vols.

Reviewed by KINGSLEY PORTER
Harvard University

THE first of Mr. Eric Millar's two volumes describing English Illuminated Manuscripts filled, when it appeared in 1926, a long lamented gap in the history of art. It has been for three years among the most used of all books in the field of medieval painting, having indeed taken rank as a classic; and it is now completed by the appearance of a companion volume dealing with the later periods. If I write a review of the earlier volume at this late date, it is not under the illusion that I am calling attention to a work new or unknown; nor yet in order to earn a badly needed duplicate copy for the Harvard Library; but because consideration of another book which is really new makes comparison with Mr. Millar's accomplishment inevitable.

Mr. Millar is a fine and typical product of the older British tradition in the scholarship of art. Something of the love of freedom which used to be fashionable in the eighteenth century lies behind this group of scholars—a whiff of the sturdy and courageous and Nordic—and I know not what inherited from predatory ancestors accustomed to follow their own good or bad conscience rather than the inevitably evil dictates of a conventionalized society. In England there can hardly be said to be even today an academic mill for students of art; the highly specialized and the generally pedantized spring up like skunk cabbages in marshes, instead of being cultivated in neat garden rows. The English scholar writes because he has something to say, not because he has acquired the technique of learning—the latter indeed he is left to obtain by the sweat of his own brow and often at the expense of mistakes he could so easily be spared. In an age of mass movements and organized warfare in art and learning, one would anticipate that the old cavalry, however gallant, must yield to machine guns, and that the day is not distant when Oxford and Cambridge will establish the teaching of art as has been done in other countries. But a book like Mr. Millar's makes one less sure of such an outcome. And however whole-souledly devoted one may be to the American system, writing like his cannot fail to bring home the fact that the conservative English training possesses certain sterling qualities—like thorough grounding in the classics—which we have even in our best universities unwisely tended to discard.

Mr. Millar knows more about his own English manuscripts and his own British Museum collection than any one. His aim in his book is simple; he looks neither to the right hand nor to the left; he goes simply and directly about his business; thinks sanely, writes clearly, reproduces the manuscripts we want to know, and gives us the needed information about them. In the years that have passed since its publication, his book has been so often read and reread and quoted that we are apt to forget how much of it was new when it was published—that it made accessible really for the first time a great and very beautiful art, knowledge of which had before been difficult to come by.

Miss Saunders's task was a difficult one. The plan of the editors of the Pantheon series required a new book almost paralleling Mr. Millar's achievement. It also was to be in two volumes, it also was to be sumptuously illustrated. Merely to repeat was impossible, and there was nothing to improve. It is not difficult to imagine Miss Saunders's embarrassment.

One thing she could do and has done. Mr. Millar omits Celtic illumination. The real reason was, I suspect, that he had already said what he had to say on the subject in his admirable monograph on the Lindisfarne Gospels, and did not choose to repeat. The excuse alleged in his preface, however, is that had he included this field, he would have been obliged to have omitted part of his material on the later manuscripts. In any event, one cannot help regretting the result. The British Islands never produced more emotional nor more pregnant art than pre-Winchester book-painting, and leaving it out of a history of English illumination is much as it would be to omit Homer from a history of Greek literature. The truth is, of course, that no one can ignore the Celtic ma
Millar's book has to be supple
sources.

This lacuna of Mr. Millar [illegible] good. She gives us a number of plates, fourteen in all, from Celtic manuscripts—Lindisfarne, Kells, St. Chad, Macregol, and the Cambridge Psalter. Best of all there are two photographs of the not sufficiently known Lambeth Palace Gospels. One only regrets that she has not further developed this field, even at the expense of that equitable distribution which has evidently been one of her chief aims—we should have surely had at least one figure subject from Lindisfarne, and monuments like Dimma, Molling, the Garland of Howth pass not only unillustrated but even unmentioned. She does not seize the opportunity to exploit those marvelous pages of the Book of Kells which have been overlooked by many students because separated from the rest of the manuscript and secreted in a safe of Trinity College.

When she comes to the delicate task of retreading Mr. Millar's ground, Miss Saunders acquits herself with that discretion which is the better part of valor. Her text is unexceptionable, and she never makes a statement with which any one could conceivably disagree. She has little ambition to sail over new or uncharted waters, yet she contrives occasionally to emphasize what has been unduly neglected, as in her admirable treatment of the bestiaries. She dedicates her book to her teachers, and one feels she has been thoroughly taught. It is a professionally and competently made statement of what is thought on the subject in hand. Thanks to this diplomatic, if not exactly exhilarating, attack, Miss Saunders has been able to dispense altogether with footnotes, but she places at the end of the volume a most useful bibliography. Her plates in general parallel Mr. Millar's; if they are fewer in number and smaller in size, they are of higher quality. One is particularly grateful for reproductions of the Glasgow Psalter, which Mr. Millar omitted.

These four volumes between them transform the field of English illumination from one of the least trod into one of the most accessible. Another motor highway has been cut through the virgin forest. But the great masterpieces of the Celtic and Winchester schools will not be vulgarized by popularity; for they rise by artistic genius to that evergreen immortality which age cannot wither nor custom stale.

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The Bowling Green

Three Retreats

A NOTE from Los Angeles printed lately in *Variety*, the professional theatre weekly, would surely have pleased Shakespeare. It appears that one of his plays is going into the movies, and this is how they hope to take the curse off it:—

"Taming of the Shrew" will be pre-exploited by circus billing. On Aug. 1 four cars will take the road each manned with a bill-posting crew.

Schedule being drawn up routes the four cars over 35,000 miles in twelve weeks.

Billing will aim to remove from the mind of exhibitors and public the idea that the picture is high-brow, emphasizing the comedy angle.

Most generous of men is Mr. J. H. Edge, autograph dealer of 31 High Holborn, London. I can't resist quoting from his latest announcement to American clients:—

Many of you from time to time come over to England. When you do I want you to be my guests. I want you to come along and take a glass of sherry with me in a quaint old residence that I have just leased in the sleepy courtyard of Staple Inn. You will drink your sherry in the library where Edwin Drood and Mr. Bazzard shared the hospitality of Mr. Grewgious, for this was the home of Mr. Grewgious. I hope my hospitality will be as cordial as his. At any rate I will do my best to make it so. You will be interested in this old house and will visualize charming little Rosebud tripping down the steps after confiding in chivalrous old Mr. Grewgious.

After our sherry and a yarn we will go off to some old chop house and have a steak and chips, and then on to the theatre to see a play, if any plays survive the invasion of the "talkies." The drama over, we'll sample a night club that even Commissioner Whalen could not object to if it were transplanted to the heart of Broadway, and so to bed.

If you are in London at the week-end we will go down to the Stoke Court Country Club, a stately home of England, once the residence of the poet Gray and of members of the Penn family. It was while living at West End House, Stoke Poges—a simple farmstead long ago incorporated in Stoke Court—that the poet Gray began the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Here he lived from 1742 to 1753, and certain rooms in the present mansion are still known as "Gray's Rooms." In the grounds, also, "Gray's Walk" is preserved, and the arbor where he is said to have composed the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College."

I think I have written enough to show that I will try to give you a good time when you visit London if you honor me with your company. You will give me very great pleasure if you accept this invitation. It will not cost you a penny piece, and by accepting it you will enable me to make a small return for the wonderful hospitality I have had extended to me on my visits to the United States.

The invitation is to all my clients—to the wealthy man who spends thousands of dollars with me and to the college boy who can only afford an occasional small purchase. Now let me know when you are coming!

Yours very sincerely,
J. H. EDGE.

I suppose you've been wondering what had become of the Bowling Green; the truth is we've been busy in Hoboken—that benevolent bailiwick. Some of our customers, who pretend to believe that there is no other duty in life save putting down a certain number of words in current prose, have gracefully expressed a facsimile of indignation. But as long as living life and accumulating new surprises is more important than just writing about it, I reserve occasional freedom from the press. "Flee from the press," as Chaucer remarked in one of those delightful minor ballades.—I often wonder if I shall ever get round to the renewal of relations with Chaucer that has long been a deferred ambition. Among the list of Older Books recommended in the Book of the Month Club Bulletin I want someday to write a note on Chaucer. And incidentally I hope you have been amused, as I have, by all the hullabaloo about the Book of the Month Club. Lover of bookshops and booksellers as I am, I hope I am frank enough to say that I have found the bleating about book clubs singularly silly and short-sighted. A blunter word than either of those might be used; perhaps I shall use it presently if it should seem worth-while to discuss the matter in full. Meanwhile I content myself by saying that in the fifteen years in which I have studied the publishing business the Book of the Month Club is the first really new and creative invention in book trading. If I myself were a retail bookseller I could think of many ways of capitalizing for my own good the enormous stimulus the book clubs have given to the whole racket. And I should like to add, even though I shouldn't, that a conscientious and not incompetent committee has done a devil of a lot of hard work in reading more books than any human beings should be expected to, and looks back with some pride on its job. If you feel that way about things you don't worry much about offstage yammering.

* * *

But I was speaking about Hoboken. When my friend Throck and I find the pressure of events too severe we have at least three secure retreats, and I defy anyone to nominate more romantic privacies west of the Turf Tavern (which is Oxford's finest pub.) One is the pilot house of the ferryboat *Bergen*—the earliest propeller ferry, I believe—which makes the run between Hoboken and 23rd Street every fifteen minutes. By the kindness of Mr. John M. Emery, marine superintendent of the D. L. & W., we got a passport authorizing us to ride in the pilot house with Captain Ball to make sketches and gather impressions. I hope there will be a great many drawings to be made and impressions to be gathered, for during the first few voyages one assembles mostly a confused but agreeble sense of unreality. In that airy pulpit, with the whole traffic of the great river spinning past, and the skipper expertly handling his big almond-shaped craft among such queer variants of stream and tide, one is slow to focus any defined meditations. Most curious of all was to learn how often, in thick

CAPTAIN BALL OF THE *BERGEN*
Drawn by Cleon Throckmorton

weather, the whole voyage has to be navigated by compass. One does not think of a North River ferry as steering otherwise than by view and habit; and yet obviously there must be times when the binnacle is needed. It is good to know that even in a fleet of ferry boats each has her own nickname and identity. One is known among the skippers as *Biddy;* another is *Maud. Maud,* we heard, had the reputation of being "a bad actor." I will not tell you which she is.

Captain Allan Ball, mariner of this Hudson crossing, seems to me to have found a happy compromise among life's possibilities. From dawn till mid-afternoon he navigates one of the most exciting waters in the world. Then he puts on his coat, lights his corncob pipe, and commutes home to Freeport, Long Island.

* * *

The second of the three retreats is Hoboken's famous old Sybil's Cave, which is probably the coolest place in the whole metropolitan region. I shall not too closely identify the locality, for good Mr. Eckstein, the present owner, would probably not care to be bothered by too many visitors, but to a few romantic pilgrims choosing the quiet after-supper hour he has very kindly shown the oddities of his ancient grotto. It is as picturesque as an old crypt in a medieval cathedral. Gleason's *Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion* in 1852, described it as the "Paradise of Gotham" and "The finest spot adjacent to any city in the world." This was perhaps a bit of the spread-eagle mannerism that annoyed Charles Dickens. But Gleason's account of the cave itself is still exact: "It is hewn out and excavated from a solid rock to the depth of 30 feet. In the middle is a spring of sparkling water, thousands of glasses of which are sold daily in the summer, for a penny per glass." The water is no longer sold, and the cave is no longer a place of pious pilgrimage: even in Hoboken comparatively few people know it is still there. But the grotto is as charming as ever, the water comes rilling down through the greenish rock of the cliff and fills up the deep stone well in the center of the crypt. There is a legend that it was just opposite the Stevens cliff that Hendrick Hudson cast anchor; if so, the water of the Sybil's Cave was probably the first drink he had in the New World.

The third asylum, least obviously picturesque, is our much loved Foundry—a semi-ruinous old machine-shop on the water front where we have established our headquarters in the "riparian Rhineland." Here, among the relics of a long-abandoned iron works, we are enormously happy. It will take a considerable while to clean and rectify the ruin, but it is worth doing and our private notion is that the much touted Central Park Casino will be bourgeois indeed compared to the charms of the Foundry, a portion of which will be open to kinsprits for meals and mirth. In case you should not suppose that an old machine shop can harbor literary surprises, some day perhaps I can tell you about an astonishing find of old books and music we discovered packed away in the attic. They had been there, abandoned and forgotten, for 35 years.

I'm not going to give away all the secrets of our summer explorations in Hoboken. There are always a few, the nicest people, who prefer to make their discoveries for themselves; and our visitors' instinct to head straight for two or three well-known places leaves the others happily tranquil for ourselves. But no neighborhood more surprisingly repays the watchful visitor, or more coolingly allays a warm summer afternoon. And who should we find lying at a Hoboken pier the other day, ready to turn her nose toward green space—the *Tusitala.*

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Johnson, Tory

DR. JOHNSON. By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by FREDERICK A. POTTLE

THE art of argument is not well understood by the gentlemen who have written manuals on the subject. Is it not time that we abandon the hoary fiction that through logic people are brought to change their minds? Argument is one of the most useful of human activities, but it can fruitfully be engaged in only by those who are already in agreement. Its function is not to convert, but to comfort the converted: as the ingenious Mr. I. A. Richards would say, "to supply people with logical support for useful attitudes which they have already adopted." Mr. Hollis has written that kind of book for Johnsonians. It is not a new biography, and it presents no facts not already easily accessible. It does something perhaps more original; that is, it gives us solid props of reason to uphold our respect for Dr. Johnson.

After reading Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi and Fanny Burney (even at second hand), we are captivated by the Doctor, and should like to respect him, but our feeling is likely to be more or less apologetic. He appears to have been so indefensibly eccentric. The trouble (as Mr. Hollis would say) is that we have inserted as a soul into a body of correct and vivid biographical details the Whig metaphysic of Macaulay. No wonder that the combination is incongruous. Mr. Hollis reminds us at the outset that Johnson, though possessed of certain physical eccentricities, was throughout his life a remarkably consistent and rational being. But he was a Tory and a firm believer in dogmatic Christianity. If we are to respect the qualities of his head as well as those of his heart, we must be willing to grant that adherence to Toryism and dogmatic Christianity is, in the literal meaning of the word, reasonable. Mr. Hollis, who is certainly himself a Tory, and appears also to be a Catholic, has maintained his argument lucidly, candidly, and with complete good temper.

His method is generally biographical; that is, he deals with chapters in Johnson's life, and with his friendships, but, whether he is writing of Grub Street, or the Johnsonians, or the Seraglio, his purpose is to show that Johnson's attitudes are the logical expression of his Tory and Christian creeds, and that these creeds, instead of being mere prejudice and superstition, are more truly rational than those commonly opposed to them. The reader's acceptance of the main thesis will depend largely upon his previous convictions, but he cannot fail to be pleased by the illumination which this method constantly throws upon qualities of Johnson which at first sight seem to have no connection with either his politics or his religion.

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Books of Special Interest

The Mystery of Pain

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR. By PAUL RAYNAL. Translated by CECIL LEWIS. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD

"I WILL write what I enjoy writing," cries Orlando. Bravo! So shall I. Therefore, casting aside some other volumes, I shall write about this play of Paul Raynal's. It is a beautiful play and yields much. Justifiably, one feels, it raised its author, hitherto only the writer of a comedy, "Le Maître de Son Cœur," into the front ranks of the dramatists of young France, along with Lenormand, Gantillon, and Jean-Jacques Bernard. It is of to-day, fluent yet analytical. It is from the imagination and the spirit. In production it has achieved notable success in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Copenhagen. Why it was only a moderate success in England (even though George Bernard Shaw said of it: "It was almost worth having war to have so fine a play"), and why it so suddenly collapsed here on its recent production on Broadway, we hope will be somewhat clear when we have finished.

We did not see the Broadway production, but on the best authority we have it that this was a replica of the English production, and that the text was word for word as in this translation by Cecil Lewis. And on excellent authority also we learn that the play failed because of its vagueness, no one seeming to know at any one particular time just what it was all about. The critics were as fuddled as the audience. All agreed that there must be something worth while behind the mystical symbolism to which the production was keyed, but what that something was floated away in the dim heights of the poetic scenery on the unintelligible chanting of the actors. But why the symbolic presentation? It strikes us that it would have been better to let the symbolism take care of itself, or even to drop it out altogether, and to give the play quite naturally and simply as the human document it is, the poignant story of a French soldier who served in the War, and of his father, and Aude, the soldier's beautiful young fiancée. In fact, this "symbolism" thrust on the play (though partly Raynal's fault) is the cause of its undoing. The French title is "Le Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe." Of course, "The Unknown Warrior" is not The Unknown Soldier, yet the phrases are so close that the mind instantly wings to Arlington. By no stretch of the imagination, however, can Raynal's Soldier, either in characterization or story, be identified with the one who sleeps on the banks of the Potomac. Moreover, this Soldier as portrayed is not a type, not even of the *poilu*. He is an individual, by birth and training an aristocrat, a youth of intelligence and even caustic wit, his service in the ranks being voluntary from a sense of duty. The furore that the play caused on its première at the Comédie Française in that it seemed to attack the patriotism of the French *poilu*, therefore subsided when the truculent audience realized its mistake.

For Raynal's drama is not in its essence a "war play," even though its American publishers so announce it. Nor (again to quote the publisher's announcement) do its three characters pass "through all the pangs of love, disillusionment, hatred, reconciliation, hope, despair," because they are "war-crazed, all three, and they become sober again only at the moment of the *poilu's* departure—to a certain death." True, the War is the background. Raynal served in Flanders and was wounded, and from the torture of his experience arose the white passion in which the work was conceived. True it is also that this passion carries Raynal into his creation, and from the Soldier's lips falls scathing denunciation: "War has lost its prestige. Men used to worship its banners and trumpets, its blood and bravery. Now they give it its real name: drudgery. The most wearing, monotonous, disgusting of drudgeries." In such passages Raynal speaks even as does Ford Madox Ford in "No More Parades." And who of us can read unmoved the Soldier's plea for remembrance? Well might this plea be engraved at Arlington, Westminster, at the Place de l'Etoile.

But what happens in the story? It is the Soldier's fourteen months' service in the War that has brought him to new evaluations; carried him "beyond conventions, laws, ceremonies" up to the plane of "the absolute," where he comes face to face with simple truth. And it is on this plane that the action of the drama takes place. That this action goes on in the realm of the subjective rather than the objective makes it no less real, no less biting. Every moment something is changing in the souls of the three people involved, all tending toward the dénouement, the triumph of the spirit. Step by step Aude is advancing to the final splendor of her love: through intricate self-questioning as to the seeming loss of this love by physical denial because of the lover's long absence; through pity that leads her to give herself to this lover in "*le plus pur de tous des mariages*" without sanction of law or religion, whether this pity be for the Soldier who must die so soon, or for herself that she might "tear myself out of myself"; and even through the conception, so impossible at the moment, of accepting happiness on earth when her lover is gone. And step by step the Soldier and the Father advance each to his own ultimate triumph —the Soldier over his human need of love's satisfactions, the Father over his self-importances. The play, therefore, closes on a note of exultation that partakes of religious ecstasy. Is, then, Raynal contradictory that while the *cantus figuratus* of his play is a denunciation of war, yet its *cantus firmus* seems its praise, since it is war that has lifted his characters to their heights? Well, in "La Vita Nuova" Dante does not praise death, yet by the death of Beatrice he is lifted into "a new conception born of grieving love." This is the mystery of pain and of the spirit's triumph.

And it is this mystery, not war, which is the theme of this play. Raynal's dedication shows this clearly in the last line. The sleeper under the Arc de Triomphe "dreams of the glory and mystery of pain and of love." In this light the play gains the utmost clarity. And how tender and poignant are the simple human scenes—the Soldier holding Aude's slippers, his summoning of his five dead comrades as wedding guests, his coaxing Aude to sleep by a fairy tale of happiness. There are tense dramatic moments, also, as when the Soldier shows the Father that their positions are reversed, that it is the parent who is now the child of the son. One must read and reread this play before it yields its full fruitage. It is uncommon. It is of the spirit and not the body. It is a refutation of our modern relativity confusions. It is drama seeking, believing in an Absolute.

As to the merits of the translation one can only say that a filmy robe, such as is the French language, cannot be changed into a velvet mantle. What in the French is delicate nuance so often comes off in the English as mere wordiness; and what is subtle self-analysis seems sometimes in the Anglo-Saxon a self-conscious attitudinizing. A Frenchman is not an Englishman or an American. Our minds are different. But this is to utter platitudes.

Character Sketches

AS GOD MADE THEM. By GAMALIEL BRADFORD. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. $3.

MR. BRADFORD is the veteran in modern miniature biography; most of his practice, indeed, has lain in this field. Of his eleven volumes eight are collections of short studies. The objection to calling him "the man who invented the formula" is that it is not a formula but habits of workmanship. Plutarch reviewed the facts, balanced pro and con, and produced a living man, if that constitutes a formula; but habits of workmanship are not so easily generalized. They are everywhere alive with the personality of the biographer. In connection with Mr. Strachey one thinks first of finish, irony, and something of the touch of caricature. With Mr. Bradford the strongest impression is of his justice. His style may be less impeccable, his portraits less deft and vivid; but they are deft and vivid, and they are more accurate. It will be something in the nature of a public service when he does a Hamilton and a Jefferson, because these men have nearly always been handled controversially, and from Mr. Bradford something really impartial as well as penetrative might be expected.

In the present volume of studies of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Greeley, and Booth, there is no partisanship or prejudice discernible, but the clear eye and the steady hand. If those of Francis Child and Asa Gray seem less illustrative of this balanced impersonality, it may be that one sees traces of personal friendship, or it may be that, in the two Harvard professors the darker shadows were, in point of fact, not there. Probably there is something in both conjectures.

The Problem of Peace

THE WAY OF PEACE. By VISCOUNT CECIL. New York: The John Day Co. 1929. $3.

THE POLITICS OF PEACE. By CHARLES E. MARTIN. Palo Alto: Stanford University Press. 1929.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

PERHAPS no one in public life has better earned the right to be heard on the problem of peace than Viscount Cecil. From its very inception Lord Cecil has been an ardent collaborator in the task, first, of forming the League of Nations, and, later, of keeping it functioning smoothly. While he has thus devoted a large share of his political career to organizing the world for peace, he has not allowed his ideals to lure him out of the world of facts. His work has been insistently constructive. The fact that it centers about the League of Nations may cause other, equally sincere workers for peace to differ with him as to methods, but there is little room for difference of opinion as to his earnestness or the constructive aim of his ideas.

The essays and addresses which he has collected under the title "The Way of Peace" are confessions of his faith—clearly, sanely, and even beautifully, expressed. The book as a whole suffers from the fact that it is a collection of occasional writings and speeches. This involves, as always, a considerable amount of repetition and the failure to work out pertinent details as might be done in a book planned and written as a whole. We get some penetrating analyses of English politics in its relation to peace, of the forces of nationalism and internationalism, and of the problems of disarmament. Some of Lord Cecil's comments demand quotation: "Whether we like it or not, we are part of Europe. We have got to live with them and we had better make the best of it." "We are still slaves to the conception that each nation must arm itself against all the others." In speaking of the Geneva Conference of 1927 and its use of war as a basis, he says: "nor was that chiefly the fault of the experts. They did what their governments authorized them to do. They were instructed to advise what would be 'safe' for their countries to accept." On the Kellogg Pact, Lord Cecil makes the following remark: "We cannot take away the arbitrament of war and put nothing in its place. It may be said at once that on this point the American scheme is quite inadequate." The author shows his realism clearly, too, in the remark: "It is foolish for a man to preach international peace and to advocate industrial war." Whether the author was merely using a catch phrase or whether giving a considered statement of his own position, one is somewhat surprised to find the following: "Our existence depends upon our command of the sea." It is doubtful if that as a final judgment can be reconciled with the ideals of the League or any other coöperative effort for peace.

And it is for the League of Nations that Lord Cecil pleads first, last, and all the time. There are many books cataloguing the details of organization and the minutiæ of accomplishment of the Geneva organization, but this book is imbued with the spirit of the League and that spirit has probably found no better expression.

Quite a different type of work is Dean Martin's "Politics of Peace." The author proceeds from the premise that international politics in the past has been in one form or another the politics of war and that henceforth, with the Kellogg Pact duly signed and ratified, world politics is to become the politics of peace. While he thus tends to exaggerate the abruptness of the aboutface in world politics, the Kellogg Pact nevertheless may be justified as a starting point for an analysis of the present international situation.

Dean Martin sets out to make the survey which must necessarily precede such an analysis. And he makes his survey with a vengeance. He makes it so thoroughly and so well that it seems like carping to offer any complaint. And yet the author himself invites it. He has covered so broad a field that time after time it has been necessary to cram into a brief chapter material which might well be a book in itself. The result is that homeless wanderer of the literary world—an excellent book addressed to no conceivable audience. This is not to quarrel with what is in the book. It may be repeated that the material is excellent and the presentation no less so. The difficulty is simply that the degree of concentration is so great that anybody who can follow Professor Martin through the first 336 pages of this work must already have been sufficiently familiar with the field to follow the remainder of the argument without reading the first part of the book at all.

It is not until the author reaches the last fifth of his book that he announces: "We are now ready to formulate a definite case against war as an institution." Two chapters later he asks whether war can be outlawed, and then takes up the Kellogg Pact. The remaining chapters deal with the functions of the state and the new politics of peace, especially in their relation to agriculture, labor, the police power, education, and international activities. From end to end the book is crammed with well arranged and clearly presented material, all of which is pertinent in the study of present-day international politics.

Two Monarchs

THE LETTERS OF THE TSAR TO THE TSARITZA. Translated by A. L. HYNES. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1929. $5.

THE main effect of these letters is but to deepen and sharpen the impression which the world has already received from all that has been learned, since their deaths, of the Czar and Czaritza—the growing sense of their tragic unfitness for the place into which fate had lifted them.

Here was an "ideal" mariage; two persons who loved each other intensely, were restless and depressed during the briefest separation; and in all the whirlwind of great events in which they were flung and to the direction and effect of which they necessarily contributed, were really interested only in themselves and their children. Could their spirits but have been transferred into other bodies and lodged in some suburban villa, there to live out the placid and harmless existence of the *petite bourgeoisie*, which, in their real enthusiasms, they actually were, how altogether different might have been their p[illegible] haps, the story of R[illegible]

Letter after let[illegible] sometimes oftener, [illegible] which Europe was [illegible] Imperial Russia rushing down to ruin, and filled with so little but kisses and embraces and notes about the weather, that they might almost have been written by a man who neither could see nor hear nor understand what was going on about him—or by a child.

During the frightful disaster in the Masurian Marshes, when, during a fortnight, Russia lost 110,000 men in prisoners alone, the Czar's letters ran like this:

> . . . Have visited all the fortifications and batteries on the north side. Saw a few wounded who have recovered. Pleasant warm weather. . . . Sincere thanks for sweet letter and two telegrams. Have inspected two splendid hospitals. The weather is still sunny. In the course of the day I shall inspect the Briansky arms factory. I embrace all closely. . . . Hearty thanks for two letters and news. The weather is mild; it is thawing. All send their greetings, and N.P. and M. their thanks. Am looking forward to seeing you to-morrow. I embrace you and the children . . . what a nuisance it is to be always so busy and not to have time and opportunity for sitting quietly together and having a talk! . . .

"Arrived here at dinner time," the Czar wired from Pskov, on March 2, 1917, just before he signed the deed of abdication. "Hope that everybody's health is better and that we shall soon see each other. Close embrace.—Nicky." "A strange mixture," the translator remarks, "of resignation, indifference, concealment, or restraint."

The same comment might be made of hundreds of others of the curious messages gathered in this volume. Of the personalities and events which shaped those supreme days, of Rasputin and others, and their influence on the Czar, one learns only by a sort of indirection—as from the diary, let us say, of a foreigner, who, by chance, happened to be present, in a strange country, during some tremendous happening, with the personalities of which he was unacquainted and the significance of which he failed to understand.

The letters, originally written in English, were translated into Russian under the editorship of Professor M. N. Pokrovsky and are now retranslated back into English. Their intimate phraseology is, therefore, a slight modification, no doubt, of the words originally used.

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Books of Special Interest

The Problem of Old Age

OLD AGE. By ALDRED SCOTT WARTHIN. New York: Paul Hoeber. 1929.

Reviewed by BORIS SOKOLOFF

MANY theories have been evolved and many facts and observations made around the problem of old age, which interest equally the biologist and the layman. Of course, we cannot as yet go beyond the sphere of hypothesis, and we are very far from definite decisions, but for that very reason one can welcome each discussion of a given question, as it clarifies the weakness of this or that viewpoint.

Mr. Warthin's book is interesting not only for that reason. It has two qualities which will prompt everyone to read it with special attention. First, it is the work of a well-known scientist, a professor of pathology in the University of Michigan, and, second, it defends a definite and very exactly outlined thesis of the problem of old age. These qualities, however, are at the same time faults. Professor Warthin's highly scientific training leads him to be too dogmatic, to give insufficient consideration to the opinion of his opponent, and to discard it with too much ease. He is too sweeping in his statement that "the modern scientifically trained biologist cannot look upon senescence and old age as disease processes," in face of the fact that modern biologists (Metchnikov, Bracket, and Gurwitch) defend that viewpoint. The lack of impartiality of the work and its espousal of a definite point of view is also a shortcoming.

It is a work of emphasized scientific conservatism. In every line the morphologist and pathologist are felt much more than the experimenter-biologist. The author is more interested in facts than in causes which lead to these facts. Mr. Warthin is a mechanist, I should say: an old-fashioned materialist. To him, "life is a chemico-physical energy quantum differing from inanimate matter in the same specific atomic or intra-atomic arrangement or relationship." He does not dwell upon the numerous works in the field of experimental biology devoted to the problem of old age and vitality of organs of the human body He does not make, as it follows from his definition of "life," a great difference between the dynamic powers of living organism and the static powers of organic nature. However, the very study of the potential vitality of living, and the ability of the body to define almost infinitely the dynamically organized energy, and finally the experiments of E. Shultz on the transmutability of morphogenetic process, or the investigations of A. Gurwitch and E. Pearl on the activity of cells, can throw much more light on this purely biological problem than the stating of the involution of the tissues of old people. Mr. Warthin defends the thesis of Minot advocated half a century ago that "senescence is a normal involuntary process and is the gradual development of these lines of retrogression." He divides man's life into three periods: growth, manhood, and senescence, and in a detailed manner as an anatome-pathologist, he describes the changes which are observed during those periods.

He does not consider senescence as a disease, but regards it as a physiologic entity; the result of invultion processes "inherent in the organism." He criticizes very strongly the scientists who are defending the opposite viewpoint (Metchnikov, E. Pearl, E. Shultz, Retterer). However, for these scientists, senescence is a pathological phenomenon, a disease with which one can and should fight. There is a tremendous potential energy in the body, but it must be subjected to strict harmony. When owing to auto-intoxication one of the organs ceases to function, the harmony is destroyed. Some cells, the so-called "noble cells" (nervous cells) and cells of the glands, are getting old, and other cells (connective cells), on the contrary, are active. The weakening of the activity (owing to auto-intoxication) of the endocrine glands which control the vitality of the body plays a great part in the process of senescence. From the physiological viewpoint senescence could be formulated as intoxication of the system of endocrine glands. Professor Warthin barely touches on the importance of endocrine glands during senescence, devoting only a few lines to that subject.

Is rejuvenation possible? he asks, and in consonance with his theory replies: "No, of course, impossible. There is no rejuvenation for the senile individual."

This opinion must appear too categorical to many readers. We may question the degree of possibility of "rejuvenation," but we cannot deny the transmutability of the processes. We know of a number of cases when a senile cell was rejuvenated under the influence of various factors and acquired again life ability. We may criticize the experiments of Steinach, Voronoff, etc., in their final conclusions, but we cannot deny the effect which the transplantation of different glands produces upon the body, as has been demonstrated by the splendid work of Leo Loeb.

Mr. Warthin's volume is written in vivid style, is readable, and, as the preface says, is devoted to the tragi-comedy of human life. This saves the reader from the pessimistic after-thoughts which might be caused by the categorical conclusions of the author as to the impossibility of rejuvenation and the unescapable advent of cruel old age.

Motherhood in America

MOTHERHOOD IN BONDAGE. By MARGARET SANGER. New York: Brentano's. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by DR. JOHN E. LIND
St. Elizabeth's Hospital

IT is perhaps not the least of the rewards that fall to intransigent souls for their earthly efforts that their names should be perpetuated in indissoluble association with the names of their chiefest labors. It is immortality of a sort. Thus we have Carrie Nation and the saloon, Dr. Munyon and hope, George Cohan and the flag, and Babe Ruth and the home run. And we have Margaret Sanger and birth control. For, whether she likes it or not, Margaret Sanger's name will always suggest just that. She coined the term in 1914 and in 1921 organized and was the first president of the American Birth Control League. For many years her life has been given over to ardent advocacy of voluntary parenthood. Naturally this book, like her others, is no dispassionate, scientific presentation of the subject, but a distinctly partisan affair.

The present volume is almost entirely documentary. From the thousands of letters received by her during the past decade she has selected 470 which are quoted in this volume. They are held together with a very thin mortar of discussion. In fact, Mrs. Sanger makes no pretense that her book is anything but a presentation of these letters.

She has attempted to divide the book into chapters, selecting for each chapter a sheaf of letters exploiting one particular phase of the subject. Typical chapter headings are "Girl Mothers," "Solitary Confinement," and "Methods That Fail."

Mrs. Sanger could give points to the original champion in tilting against windmills. In the first place, she is dealing with a subject which is not considered nice, and therefore she must not even talk about it publicly. In the second place, her chief arguments are not readily presented to the public. For it is only those who go about in clinics or into the middle class and poorer homes who really know the tragedy of too large families.

The vast array of undernourished, poorly clothed children and worn out mothers in the present book becomes confusing after a while by its very sameness. Letter after letter gives the same miserable details. Glance through a few of them: mothers of twenty-seven with eight children, twenty-six with five children, of seventeen with four. Mothers who never have rest or recreation, nor even nourishing food or proper clothing, but who spend three-fourths of their time bearing children. Fathers and mothers who look about at their already too large family and beg for help.

It is a crime to impart knowledge of birth-control. But surely there are worse offenses against society. Want, suffering, hunger, disease.

All through the present book are complaints from poor, ignorant mothers that they cannot get necessary information. But does anyone seriously imagine that the rich mother is allowed to remain in ignorance? As the elder Weller remarked of his grog, "It ain't equal, that's what's the matter with it, Sammy."

France is reading and discussing a volume of animal stories entitled "Le Livre des Bêtes Qu'on Appelle Sauvages" (Grasset), by André Demaison. The author, though he writes of Africa, is being compared with Kipling.

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A Letter from Switzerland

By René Rapin

IT has always been difficult for our young writers to publish books, especially books out of the average size and on unusual subjects. From 1914 to 1919 the Cahiers Vaudois met this need, publishing on excellent paper and in a distinctive format now slender *cahiers* of verse or of essays, now bulkier volumes—C. F. Ramuz's latest novels. But for the Cahiers Vaudois—whose regular appearance all through the war years was made possible by the unsparing devotion of its leaders, Paul Budry, C. F. Ramuz, and, above all, Edmond Gilliard, and by the modest yet faithful help of a few subscribers—works as unconventional in their form, their utterance, and their subject-matter as Ramuz's "Raison d'Etre," "Le Règne de l'Esprit Malin" (American translation, "The Reign of the Evil One"), "Guérison des Maladies," or "Les Signes Parmi Nous" might never have been published. In 1919 the Cahiers Vaudois gave up their five years' plucky fight against terrible odds, and, from 1919 to 1928, while Ramuz's work was at last making its way in France (first large printing of any book by Ramuz, "La Guérison des Maladies," Paris, Grasset, 1924), our young writers were once more hard put to it to publish their work. The novelists had a comparatively easy job of it; not so essayists and poets. Edmond Gilliard, one of the founders of the Cahiers Vaudois and our best critic, felt that the time had come to launch on a sound financial basis a venture similar to the defunct Cahiers. The new enterprise, Editions des Lettres de Lausanne, is now in its second year. In its first (1928) it published six *cahiers* and one normal-size volume,—a critical edition by Professor Pierre Kohler of two eighteenth-century short novels, Samuel de Constant's "Le Mari Sentimental" (out of print since 1803 and well worth reprinting) and (its delightful counterpart) Mme. de Charrière's "Lettres de Mistriss Henley" (the latter translated in "Four Tales," by Zéiide). Of the *cahiers*, two at least are likely to appeal to the general reader, Emmanuel Buenzod's "C. F. Ramuz" (the first study on Ramuz in book form, and one whose depth and insight will not easily be matched); André Bonnard's free translation of the "Prometheus" of Æschylus—an astonishing piece of work, giving us, instead of the dry, stilted language of the school translations prose inspired, impassioned, and fiery, of a dignity, directness, and force only to be compared to the King James version of the Book of Job.

Other books by French Swiss authors published in the last months include "Madame de Charrière et Ses Amis" (Lausanne, Spes), a new, abridged edition of Philippe Godet's masterpiece, the ripe, leisurely product of his love of his subject and of her days, at once the perfect portrait of an unusual woman and the resuscitation of a whole era; G. de Reynold's "Le Génie de Berne" and Léon Savary's "Fribourg," the first of a series of monographs of Swiss cities, not historical summaries, but attempts to define in the light of its past the soul of each original city-state; a first novel, "Paillasson," by Walter Jéquier (Paris: Attinger), a burlesque yet tender portrait of a Jannings-like husband and his little scatter-brained wife which has lively dialogue and a most amusing intrigue, and shows much sound, unpretentious knowledge of the female heart with its fierce, irrational impulsiveness and its astonishing plasticity.

Nor has C. F. Ramuz been idle of late. Since his three books of 1927 he has published "Forains" (Mermod), a short sketch, and six *cahiers*. The "Cahiers" are a motley collection, containing the *morceaux de choix*, a savory account of the author's collaboration with Stravinsky during the war (Ramuz wrote the French words for Stravinsky's "Renard" and "Les Noces," Stravinsky composed the music for Ramuz's "Histoire du Soldat"), and two letters discussing his own style and his relations with his characters and with his public.

Other contacts have become possible, too. Gottfried Keller's unique blend of quaint observation, passion, and most diverting humor can now be enjoyed in English, thanks to M. D. Hottinger's translation of some of the Zurich writer's best stories, "The People of Seldwyla and Seven Legends." Then there is some of Spitteler's poetry at last available in English ("Selected Poems by Carl Spitteler," translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne and James F. Muirhead), a book about which since its translators were most unmercifully thrashed here (*Saturday Review*, March 23, 1929) a few words of commendation might not be superfluous.

The book is Mr. Muirhead's second attempt to win English readers for Spitteler. The author of the general notice on German Swiss literature in the new "Encyclopedia Britannica" (now in course of preparation) and of several short notices on German Swiss writers in the same publication (the "Encyclopedia" is taking an unprecedented interest in Switzerland!), Mr. Muirhead first translated "Laughing Truths," a collection of vigorous, combative essays. This translation even your reviewer finds a good word for. But what of the "Selected Poems" that so provoked his scorn?

The book lies open to one serious charge: much has been translated that would have better been omitted. One third of the poems—the selections from "Bell Songs" and "Butterfly Poems"—at best merely pretty, at worst heavily allegorical or grotesquely humorous, I, for one, could easily have done without (nor do I feel that they add any new note to the polyphony of English lyrical verse). Quite the reverse is true of the "ballads," "literary parables," and extracts from the epics which constitute a good two-thirds of the book. The epic fragments are a joy. One had not imagined that great poetry could have so little solemnity. The verse (Miss E. C. Mayne's translation) has incomparable liquidity, the rhymes come pat and unexpected, clear image follows upon clear image with the profusion of nature and none of its confusion:

So stretching arms and legs, they sprang upright,
Leaped, clapped their hands for joy—and soon the two
Ran singing all the glades and clearings through.

Hylas and Kaleidusa's happy sports have the grace and élan, the irresistible youth, the balanced concord of rhythm of the Sakharoffs dancing Chopin; and Spitteler's world has such informality: satyrs, gardners and gods dancing together, good Zeus now a hen-pecked husband, now frowning and stamping and mad! Beautiful, also, of a severer beauty, the ballads: "The Transit of Venus," indeed a Goddess's Progress, with a triumphant sweeping motion unparalleled perhaps except in Titian; "Death of Cyrus," "Wish of Heracles," "Laying On of Hands," grave, restrained, with the stern impressiveness of classic sculpture; the mysterious, haunting "Summons"; "The Hawking" (translated by Miss Mayne), with a swish of riding in tall grass, the joy of early love, and dewiness of Spring:

Whisper of morn and the East like a rose! . . .
O blissful day! O thou day of health!
O joy for the sap and the budding wealth!
O praise for what is and what's waited!

And, best of all perhaps, so good as to make us wish Mr. Muirhead and Miss Mayne would give us more ballads and more epic ("Mr. Muirhead," your reviewer said, "is not at home in verse. As for Miss Mayne,—well, she is no worse than Mr. Muirhead"), best of all perhaps; the translation, by Mr. Muirhead, of

ONLY A KING

Consul Cornelius Clemens spoke: "I will
That all my slaves shall work henceforth
At that which suits their wish and their endowment;
For one shapes well at grateful task alone.
A man in his wrong place is half a man;
The best of skilful turners fails at gardener's job."

But when he came to visit his estate
He marked a slave, despised by all the rest,
Who awkwardly and slowly plied his task
Beside the path, and with his hammer-blows
Smote his own fingers in right clumsy wise.

Annoyed the Consul turned enquiring eye
On his head steward, waiting on his steps:
"Forgive, my lord, but I have tried
This slave in vain, from dyer's vat to loom,
And never has he made his effort good."

Impatiently the Consul asked the bungler
"What were your craft and work in your own home?"
The slave with sorrow-laden face, raised up
His head with gloomy pride: "Only a king."

The Consul moved with pity and amaze,
Silently pondered the strange fate of men.
Then, gracious, to his servant spoke: "Put him to death!"

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Points of View

Limited Editions Club

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

You have been giving The Limited Editions Club a good deal of publicity, more, may I say it myself, than we deserve. Since we are now engaged in enrolling a group of fifteen hundred subscribing members, and since we are naturally helped in this campaign when more and more people know about us, I should undoubtedly be grateful to you.

In your issue of April 20th, The Phoenician gave your subscribers the news of the formation of The Limited Editions Club, our complete plans, our complete program. As a direct result, more than two score discerning people enrolled themselves as members: all of us said a prayer for the Phoenician nightly for one week. Then, in the issue of May 25th, Mr. Rollins talked about us in another department, The Compleat Collector. Mr. Rollins is an entertaining and informative writer; but he is also one of America's finest printers, and he is therefore engaged in making a book for our series. He discussed our plans from the viewpoint of the collector; he said "they have a really impressive list of titles and designers, and should set a high standard"; but his language was so restrained that we had the unhappy feeling he was leaning over just a trifle backwards in not being influenced by his connection with us. At any rate, we certainly thought this all the publicity you would give us: your readers had been told the news in The Phoenician column; those of them who are also collectors had been given an opinion in The Compleat Collector department. But no, ah no: in the issue of June 1st, in that selfsame department, Mr. Gilbert M. Troxell writes—and you print for him—a rather passionate column—and, more boldly hinting, in language which suggests (to me, at least) an approaching apoplexy, that he doesn't care for the plans of The Limited Editions Club. There is no further news about the Club in what he writes; but I suppose the value of his column to him lies in his getting his personal opinion off his chest. And the value to you evidently lies in the additional publicity you thus give us. You are quite kind.

Now I don't hope with this letter to convince Mr. Troxell that he ought to be one of our members, although I do think he ought. It does seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that many people have refused to join up with us. On the other hand, hundreds have already joined up. And at least two hundred of them (names on request) are well-known collectors, those very people to whom Mr. Troxell refers as "real collectors." Their opinions about us evidently differ from his, and naturally I want to defend their opinions in the eyes of the possibly interested throng who read his verbal apostrophe. To do so, I should like to follow the time-honored system of discussing each point Mr. Troxell raises one by one, and then demolishing them. But I can't, and I am honest about this, find any definite points in what seems to me Mr. Troxell's highly emotional writing. (Here are some quotations: ". . . some over-active enthusiast who, inspired by the stock market, felt a call to something higher and finer"; "page one . . . proceeds to plunge into aims and general philanthropy"—honest, there is not even a hint of philanthropy in any of our announcements.) What seems to annoy Mr. Troxell most are the facts that we have ourselves selected twelve books to publish, without consulting his own literary tastes, that we intend to ask our subscribers to order these books from us in advance, and that we mean to use, in sending our books to our subscribers, what he refers to quite scathingly as "the parcel post delivery service."

I am forced to point out to Mr. Troxell that those publishing presses, both living and dead, known as The Kelmscott Press, The Doves Press, The Ashendene Press, The Nonesuch Press, whose plans he has not, I think, attacked, have also selected books to print without consulting his literary taste, have also asked people to subscribe for their books in advance, have also used "the parcel post delivery service." No law compelled the askee to comply. As a matter of cold fact (and I am sure Mr. Troxell has not thought of the whole notion in this way) we differ from those highly respectable firms in only two ways:

1. Whereas they may announce five, or fifteen, or twenty-five books to be published in any one year, we definitely announce that we will publish twelve in one year.

2. Whereas they ask the prospective customer to subscribe for one or five or all of their books as that p.c. pleases, we ask the p.c. to subscribe for all of the books in advance. Whether it is a Nonesuch book or a Limited Editions Club book, it is expected that the customer wants the assurance of ownership of the book, without waiting for only a chance of ownership after the book has appeared and been snapped up. In our case, it enables us to sell him all of our books at half of what they would cost him if he did not subscribe in advance.

I enlarge upon this last point, because it is the real reason for our existence. Some collectors know that the publisher of a book, when he is fixing a retail price for his book, sets a figure four times that of the manufacturing cost. A book which costs six dollars to make usually sells for more than twenty dollars; the difference is consumed by retail and wholesale discounts, sales and advertising expenses, and sales and credit risks. The purchaser who agrees to buy twelve books from us in advance enables us to cut out all of these items of differential. Our books will cost us, on the average, six and one-half dollars to make, some more and some less. Our subscribers will get these books for ten dollars. This, I assever, is fine book value. It can be made possible only by the use of the subscription plan. And this, basically, is the only way in which we differ from those publishing houses that have not aroused Mr. T.'s ire.

For even Mr. Troxell must confess that our books should prove fine books, that they are being made by the finest book men in the land. The names of Updike, Nash, Rollins, Grabhorn, Warde, Dwiggins, Kittredge, Rudge, Ruzicka, and the others are used by us in our advertising, obviously, because they are our guarantee of excellence.

As to the books themselves, we definitely make the statement that they are to be generally known classics, for people who want to own them in order to read them again and again; that we bend every effort to issue only such books as have not previously been made available in similar editions. Mr. Troxell seems to think that we have left the authors in obscurity; does he really want us blatantly to announce that the contents of our books are incomparable and unsurpassed, that we are suddenly become the proud publishers of Jonathan Swift, Daniel Defoe, Walt Whitman? Mr. T. should have admired the restraint which we exercised in taking it for granted that all people would know about these books, and that we wouldn't have to set up a ballyhoo for them. Naturally, such a group of books cannot move anyone to an equal enthusiasm for all of them. Mr. Troxell says that it is only "the novel idea of reprinting them elaborately" which causes us to print Poe's "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," Stevenson's "A Lodging for The Night," Whittier's "Snowbound." He doesn't like these titles. But others do; in fact, some of the titles he does like others don't. For instance, he says "Boccaccio suggests merely a kind of schoolboy obscenity." This only means that Boccaccio suggests a kind of schoolboy obscenity to Mr. Troxell. I am quite sure that, if we had considered Mr. T.'s literary tastes, we would have fewer subscriptions than we have. We have a good many: we expect to have our membership of fifteen hundred filled before September.

From a literary standpoint, then, we suppose that each subscriber will feel varying degrees of intense desire for our books. From the standpoint of fine printing, it ought to seem obvious that all of them should be worth owning. The subscriber is getting twelve books for a sum for which, under any other plan, he could get only five equally well made books. He should feel that this is a worthwhile economy, a worthwhile purchase. Or else, by the beards of our profits, he should not subscribe.

So I don't think Mr. Troxell will become a subscriber, though I think he is just the man who should. But I hope it is all right for me to point out that anyone who might be interested in subscribing, or who would like to see the prospectus which so greatly distressed Mr. T., can write for a copy to The Limited Editions Club at 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

GEORGE MACY.

Our Speech

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

From time to time good English words are arbitrarily made to do duty which they were not intended to do. The newspaper press has been a notorious offender in the misuse of words, though perhaps the present-day press is not so guilty in this respect as was the press of the past generation.

The word "motivate" is now enjoying a vogue. For example, I read in a newspaper: "His desire to flee Constantinople is motivated by his concern for his health." This use of the word "motivated" may not be absolutely incorrect, but it is not a very happy use. There is a smell of engines and machinery about it, and the sound of a whir of wheels. Our machine age is corrupting the language, and we are beginning to speak as machines would speak if they had voices. We are "high-geared," "make the grade," "go into a tail spin," have "single-track" minds, "apply the brakes," etc., etc. Isn't it about time we stop talking like busy beavers, industrious bees, and toiling ants, and begin to talk like men and women who have a divine spark within us?

CHARLES HOOPER.
Cœur d'Alene, Idaho.

World-Wide Acclaim for the Greatest of All War Novels!

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By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

The author of "Im Westen Nichts Neues" was born 31 years ago, of a family that emigrated from France during the French Revolution and settled in the Rhineland. At 18 he went from school into the army and to the Western Front. His mother died, all his friends were killed; at the war's end he found himself alone. His subsequent history typified the deep unrest that men of his generation experienced. He became, in succession, a teacher, an organist in an asylum, a motor-car and motor specialist dealer, draughtsman, dramatic critic, editor. Last year he wrote down, without deliberation, his own and his friends' war experiences. He has described three things: the war, the fate of a generation, and true comradeship. And these were the same in all countries. His book was a sensation in Germany and translations have been arranged into French, Italian, Dutch, Danish-Norwegian, Hungarian, Spanish, Czech, and Polish—all within four months!

Duplicating its success abroad, this great war novel of international appeal is now sweeping America. First printing of 100,000 copies immediately exhausted, second printing of 20,000 now selling; third printing of 20,000 ordered—all within 7 days of publication.

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Herschel Brickell, in The North American Review, says: "It is by all odds the biggest and most important story of the war that has been written by anyone and dwarfs even such extraordinarily fine novels as 'The Case of Sergeant Grischa'."

Karl Schriftgiesser, in The Boston Transcript, says: "A great and powerful book, a Locarno in prose, the end of all war's glamour in one volume. It is starkly simple, thoroughly lacking in all bugle calls, all flag waving, all false patriotism. It is just war."

IN ENGLAND—Thirteenth Large Printing Already!

St. John Ervine, in the London Daily Express, says: "It is an immense book because of its quality. There are passages which are terribly moving. Immeasurably finer than 'The Case of Sergeant Grischa'."

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Ernst Toller, in Die Literarische Welt, says that this book "makes articulate for the first time the private soldier who suffered in the trenches. . . . It is the strongest document that has come out of the war."

IN SWEDEN—An Immediate Sensation!

Albert Engstrom of the Swedish Academy, in Sondags Nisse, says: "It is a great document. A powerful work of art. All other books about the war become small and insignificant in comparison."

Translated by A. W. Wheen. $2.50 everywhere

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

SOLON AND CROESUS. By *Alfred Zimmern*. Oxford University Press. $3.

AUTHORSHIP IN THE DAYS OF JOHNSON.

ADAM AND THE BABY AND THE MAN FROM MARS. By *Irwin Edman*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

CONTEMPORARY ESSAYS. Edited by *Odell Shepard*. Scribners.

Biography

ADEPTS IN SELF-PORTRAITURE. By STEFAN ZWEIG. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. Viking. 1928. $3.

This work, although the first to be translated—and admirably translated—in Zweig's series of "Master Builders," is actually the third volume in that series. The first deals with Balzac, Dickens, and Dostoievsky as creators of imaginary objective worlds, and the second deals with Holderlin, Kleist, and Nietzsche, aspirers toward the infinite, who sacrifice both themselves and the objective world to their ideal. Casanova, Stendhal, and Tolstoy, in the present volume, constitute the third trinity within a trinity, introverts but differentiated according to the richness of their personalities: Casanova, purely sensual; Stendhal, sensual-intellectual; and Tolstoy, sensual-intellectual-moral.

If there is something too much of an old-fashioned Hegelian formalism in this general scheme, and something too much, also, of an easy-going contentment with psychological abstractions, Zweig atones for this by the concreteness of the individual treatment. He knows his men. Each of the essays is illuminating. Casanova, still merely the prey of pornographers in America, is handled as seriously as the author of one of the world's great books deserves to be; the self-analytic Stendhal, still alien to American thought, is analyzed anew to good advantage; even with regard to Tolstoy and his tragedy Zweig has new and suggestive leads to offer. The volume as a whole is a brilliant study of egotism, and a brilliant work of literary criticism.

W. C. BROWNELL. Scribners.

ATTILA. By *Marcel Brion*. McBride. $3.50.

COLONEL WILLIAM SMITH AND LADY. By *Katharine Metcalf Roof*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. Edited by *Allen Johnson*. Vol. II. Scribners.

Fiction

YES MAN'S LAND. By H. C. WITWER. Putnams. 1929. $2.

In this lightest of light fictions, Mr. Witwer gives us a good many canny observations on Hollywood. He makes flip but pertinent remarks on producers, actors, and hangers-on; even the infant "talkies" come in for their share of disrespect. The volume is not a continuous narrative, but rather a succession of episodes that are held together only by a number of reappearing characters. The central figure throughout is a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the movies. His scrapes are sometimes amusing, but usually the humor is intolerably simple-minded. Mr. Witwer is so conscientiously up-to-the-minute that his wise-cracking book will need a glossary before many months have passed.

EDDY AND EDOUARD. By the BARONESS VON HUTTEN. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

This latest novel by the Baroness Von Hutten is concerned with more serious matter than the insouciance of its jacket and title suggest. It tells the story of a boy with a double heritage. Eddy-Edouard, of French-American parentage, is raised in America by a passionately French grandmother. His problems of adjustment are very real ones, but are never permitted to become dully over-important, as might easily have happened had the writer had a less light touch. The book is a vivacious though not superficial contrast between two races. It makes merry at the expense and does homage to the merits of both. And it is decidedly entertaining.

THE LIBERTINES. By HENRI DE REGNIER. Macaulay. 1929. $2.50.

During a long career Henri de Regnier, who may be considered one of the old masters of French letters, has tried his hand at nearly every type of work both in verse and prose. More successful in the former field, his novels and short stories have nevertheless much of interest for those who prefer their historical novels to be carefully stylized and atmospheric rather than exciting. His accounts of life during the Grand Siècle, minutely documented and yet not too precious, possess great charm and a certain freedom of spirit which recalls Anatole France, with a pleasant sentimentality added.

"Les Rencontres de M. de Bréot," which has been translated as "The Libertines" by Slater Brown, is, with "Le Bon Plaisir," one of the lightest and most amusing of these typically Gallic pastiches. It is an easy-going narrative of the adventures, mostly amorous, of a young man from the provinces in Paris for the first time. His vision of Mme. de Blionne during a fête and his final conquest of the lady are the first and last chapters of a book made up in part of incidental stories told by the other characters, the best of which is the tale of the unfaithful Duchesse de Grigny, whose husband sent the seven sins as mourners to his wife's funeral. The book as a whole is never particularly important, but it will serve as an introduction to one of the most distinguished stylists of his day, and it is modishly lacking in a moral or morals.

THE BUFFER. By ALICE HEGAN RICE. Century. 1929. $2.50.

There is only one "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" in the fiction memories of our youth, nor has any other story by the same author achieved the uniqueness of that early tale. "The Buffer," just published, does not rival "Mrs. Wiggs," but one must admit that the scope of "The Buffer" is a rather different one and one not especially uncommon in recent fiction.

The same spirit of human sympathy is evident as in "Mrs. Wiggs," to be sure, and sentimentality lingers just around the corner. Here, however, we have chiefly the love affairs of modern young people and the conflict of a girl whose relatives all shove their responsibilities upon her slim but sturdy shoulders. To whom shall she be loyal—her clamoring family, her eager pen (for she yearns to write), or the man she finally loves?

A sub-plot or two added to the above, a store of interesting incident, a few dashes of humor, and a touch of tragedy make up a novel that is "human," entertaining, contemporary, and clean, but not one we shall be apt to remember ten years from now.

ME AN' SHORTY. By CLARENCE E. MULFORD. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

Mr. Mulford's latest is an innocent, ingenuous story. It is a second cousin of "The Virginian" and blood kin to many of the Western stories since published, where straight-shooting, big-hearted, dryly humorous cowboys get themselves in and out of trouble, succoring the helpless and harassing the villainous. These cowboys have in them a good deal of Robin Hood, as well as a trace of Will Rogers. "Me an' Shorty" is from the well-used mold, but nevertheless it is sprightly, adventurous, and wholly carefree. The necessary complications are: a crooked sheriff, two ruffians from the East, a ranch the title to which is not quite clear, and finally the cowboy inseparables, Shorty and Nueces. (How is the latter name pronounced?) The book will do for a couple of hours on the train, but that is about all it will mean to the judicious reader.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop appears on next page*)

Miscellaneous

THE HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT OF ADVERTISING. By *Frank Presbrey*. Doubleday, Doran. $7.50 net.

RATTLING THE CUP ON CHICAGO CRIME. By *Edward D. Sullivan*. Vanguard. $2.

THE ORGANIZATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND THE SYSTEM OF THE SCIENCES. By *Henry Evelyn Bliss*. Holt. $5.

PSYCHING THE ADS. By *Carroll Rheinstrom*. Covici-Friede. $5.

THE MENTAL SIDE OF GOLF. By *Charles W. Moore*. Liveright. $1.75.

ELECTRICITY APPLIED TO MINING. By *H. Cotton*. Pitman. $10.

PRACTICAL LEATHERWORK. By *F. R. Smith*. Pitman. $1.

PRACTICAL FLOWER MAKING. By *Violet Brand*. Pitman. $1.

PRACTICAL PRIMARY CELLS. By *Mortimer Codd*. Pitman. $1.50.

HANDICRAFT IN PLYWOOD. By *W. B. Little*. Pitman. $1.

THE DESIGN AND MANUFACTURE OF TOWELS AND TOWELLING. By *Thomas Woodhouse* and *Alexander Brand*. Pitman. $3.75.

ARTIFICIAL SILK. By *O. Faust*. Translated by *Ernest Fyleman*. Pitman. $3.

PATTERN MAKING FOR DRESSMAKING AND NEEDLEWORK. By *Emily Wallbank* and *Marian Wallbank*. Pitman. 75 cents.

"AN HEROIC HOLIDAY:
WE ARE AMONG THE GODS AGAIN"

says the N. Y. Herald Tribune
OF THIS BEAUTIFUL NOVEL

A NOTABLE book, serene and tender despite its vigorous incidents. It is one of the best translations we've read in many a long day. . . . We sat up over it till, if there had been cocks in New York, they would have crowed."—*Amy Loveman in The Saturday Review of Literature.*

"An altogether remarkable novel."—*Edwin Arlington Robinson.*

"It's characters are of heroic stature; its proportions epic—a painful and beautiful saga. Everything is as though painted in the rich colors of the Italian renaissance."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

The novel has been selected as the June choice of the BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA. *It is also highly recommended by the* BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB. $2.50

THE LADY OF LAWS

By SUSANNE TRAUTWEIN

ELLIOT HOLT · *Publisher* · 25 WEST 45TH STREET

FRANZ WERFEL
author of CLASS REUNION, *a sensational success in Germany and Austria, published now in a translation by* WHITTAKER CHAMBERS *who translated* BAMBI.

"AGAINST THE SUPERIORITY OF ANOTHER THERE EXISTS NO WEAPON OR REMEDY SAVE LOVE"
. . . . GOETHE

UNIVERSAL ACCLAIM—has greeted the European publication of FRANZ WERFEL'S new novel, *Class Reunion*

DEEP IN THE HUMAN HEART lodges the underlying idea which quickens this novel of the glow and grief of adolescence . . . quickens, and in its pity and terror, exalts to greatness the story of a murderer who strangely becomes accuser instead of accused.

DISTINGUISHED CONTINENTAL CRITICS have this to say: "CLASS REUNION is a significant, tense, and a profound book which proves the author is one of the purest and most artistic figures of the younger generation."
—*Essener Allgemeine Zeitung.*

"One is torn out of one's self. One reads the book without stopping. This is the best of all the recent books."
—*Literarische Welt, Berlin*

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Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

The Gossip Shop

By RACHEL FIELD

BY now practically all the Spring literary prize packets have been distributed. The Newbery Medal, as has been already widely announced in the newspapers and these columns, was awarded to Eric P. Kelly for his story of youthful adventure in a Polish city of the Middle Ages. This book, "The Trumpeter of Krakow," was pronounced "the most distinguished contribution to American Literature for children in 1928 and the medal presented to Mr. Kelly at a meeting of the American Library Association in Washington on May 15th. Last winter the original trumpet from the tower in Krakow was loaned for a triumphal tour of libraries and schools, so it was only fitting that it should be played in honor of the occasion. Mr. Kelly is now a professor at Dartmouth College, but his book represents much that he learned while serving in relief work with the Polish Legions in 1918, besides later study and research at the University of Krakow. The story has been received with special enthusiasm by boys and girls all over the country. It is published by the Macmillan Company, who, if our memory does not fail us, was the first New York publishing house to organize a special department for children's books. We remember the day well in 1919 when we were introduced to Louise Seaman and heard that she was to head this new venture. This year's award therefore seems doubly fitting.

Another feature of the A. L. A. meeting which we wish we might have heard was a talk given by Helen Ferris on the subject of "Girls and Books." We can think of no one better fitted to talk about this, for Miss Ferris after her years of successful editorship of the *American Girl* has more practical knowledge of and insight into the reading of adolescent girls than anyone we know. At present she is conducting the juvenile book reviewing department for the *Atlantic Bookshelf* as well as writing and compiling several of her own for next Fall lists.

We should also like to have seen the model of Miss Frances McLeod's Milwaukee Bookshop which travelled all the way to be present at the Washington meeting among the publishers' exhibits. We hear that it was an extraordinarily good miniature reproduction of the Shop, both inside and out, perfectly appointed even down to tiny volumes of children's books done to exact scale, more or less on the order of the famous Queen's Dolls' House. It was shown by the Junior Books Section of the Doubleday-Doran Company.

From the same department comes the news that Mrs. Caroline D. Snedeker, whose story of "Downright Dencey," the Nantucket Quaker girl of a hundred years or so ago, is one of the most satisfactory and genuinely American books we have ever come across, has done another with an equally authentic American background. This time Mrs. Snedeker has written with imaginative skill and historical knowledge of the Long Island countryside at her own front door. It will be called "The Black Arrow-Head," and it promises from all we can get May Massee to tell us of its plot, to be a new "Puck of Pook's Hill" in its ability to conjure up earlier events, so that a number of present-day children find themselves actually taking part in stirring events of other years. Apparently it has much of the romance and sense of the past showing through the present, which made the Kipling story so unusual. Incidentally, Mrs. Snedeker has just sailed on her first trip to Europe. She will visit England and Italy, and we have an idea that she will not come back till she has been to Greece, too, since it was the scene of her first book, "The Spartan," a story that Greek scholars and boys and girls acclaim with equal enthusiasm. She seems to have an almost uncanny power of being able to recapture the very life and spirit of another time and place. We shouldn't mind being along, too, when she goes to the Islands of the Ægean.

Another author soon to be on the other side of the Atlantic is Remo Bufano, one of those to whom the Guggenheim Foundation awarded a year's fellowship to collect data on puppets for his already famous marionette shows. Mr. Bufano, besides making puppet shows for children to manipulate themselves, is preparing a couple of books of puppet plays for children, one to be published by A. A. Knopf and the other by the Macmillan Company. We had a glimpse of the dummy for the latter and it made us want to own a marionette show of our own more than anything we can think of besides an island, a music box that plays six tunes, and a trained sea-lion. This book will have seven puppet plays—one for each day of the week, with "David and Goliath" all dramatized and in readiness in case there should be any objections to Sunday performances.

We had a look at another very attractive small book dummy,—the latest Hugh Lofting creation which will be out shortly. This is a pleasantly miniature book, of the size that has always tickled us especially. Not only has it been written and illustrated, but handprinted by Mr. Lofting himself. It is called "Noisy Norah," and we like the alliteration. It will be published by Stokes.

"Realms of Gold," the guide book of Children's Literature by those two authorities, Bertha Mahony and Elinor Whitney of the Boston Bookshop for Boys and Girls, is also scheduled to be out almost any day now. We can hardly wait for the copy that has been promised us from the Doubleday-Doran Junior Books Department.

A notice has just come in the mail (and we have already managed to mislay it though it hasn't lain on our desk twenty-four hours) to the effect that the Harper's Bookshop for Boys and Girls, until lately conducted by Mrs. Pauline Sutorious Aird in connection with the Arden Galleries, has joined forces with another well-known shop and near neighbor on East Fifty-seventh Street, the Children's Bookshop, organized several years ago by Miss Marion Cutter. Both Mrs. Aird and Miss Cutter have made a specialty of the best and most unusual in the children's book field. We think it should prove a happy combination.

Reviews

THE BECKONING ROAD. By CAROLINE DALE SNEDEKER. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by PAULINE SUTORIUS AIRD

WHEN "Downright Dencey," to which this book is a sequel, was published last year it was haled as one of the best books for older girls to have appeared in years. Being a "best book" for older girls is not easy in an age when the movie magazines and innumerable lively, quickly read novels are easily available, and also in an age that has dubbed Scott, Dickens, and even Barrie as "classics," thereby helping to kill much spontaneous reading of well known writers. But "Downright Dencey," a story of a Nantucket girl of a hundred years ago, held its own with the girls of today and was heartily endorsed by teachers and librarians. It lacked that two by four quality, too often found in children's books, which comes of telling the story of a restricted portion of the life of the hero or heroine: instead, it had the breadth of a novel which made you feel a part of Dencey's life, not only the present as depicted in the book, but the past and future. Because of this we did not need a second book to tell us that Dencey married Jetsam and in consequence this part of the sequel is of the least importance and seems a trifle forced. However the change of locale from Nantucket to New Harmony, that idealistic colony in Ohio which was formed by Robert Owen for the sole object of "promoting the happiness of the world," is justification enough for the book.

The trip west in a covered wagon driven by Dencey's father, a Nantucket sea captain, is one of the finest bits of descriptive writing I have read in a book intended for young people. The sense of the forest that comes to Dencey and her father, who have only known the sea, and the calm religious acceptance with which the Quaker mother resigns herself to all hardships is described with great beauty. This and the trip up the Ohio on the famous "Boatload of Knowledge" are indeed told so well that one is disappointed when New Harmony does not stand out more vividly. The community is described in detail but not with the same feeling of belief in an idea that the author gives in her story of the eager little family breaking away from all that has been their stronghold to go to a new and untried land. It may be that the journey west was in reality a much more romantic adventure than the community actually proved to be and Caroline Snedeker, who is the great-granddaughter of Robert Owen and has been steeped in its traditions, knows this. So we are grateful for a girl's book written with character and style and, if the plot seems not as spontaneous as we could have wished for the sequel to "Downright Dencey," we believe, nevertheless, that girls will like it because of Dencey and for the quaint period it depicts so faithfully and enthusiastically.

MAN'S GREAT ADVENTURE: Thirty Stories of Mankind from the Dawn Man to the Man of Today. By STEPHEN SOUTHWOLD. New York: Longmans, Green Co. 1929. $1.75.

Reviewed by CATHERINE WOODBRIDGE

MR. SOUTHWOLD sets out to train children in internationalism by writing "a human account of the great adventure of mankind upon the earth." The book contains thirty stories, "each one of which attempts to typify the great human movement of the period." He hopes "by stressing the essential humanism of man through the ages" to draw all mankind closer together.

Great ideas such as these must be greatly realized to avoid mere sentimentality. Mr. Southwold has tempted fate a little too far. First, the claim made in his preface that each story typifies the great human movement of the period must be questioned. The entire twelfth century is marked only by Marie de France, and the Crusades are entirely omitted. Again, the choice of Cadman as the subject for a story called the "Dawn of Poesy" seems extraordinary when neither Homer, Vergil, nor Dante receives the slightest mention. The stories themselves are necessarily short, and there is an evidently intentional similarity among them. Children play an important part in each one, but there are repetitions in the details as well—to bring out, as we suppose, "the essential humanism of man through the ages." Even interpreting this otherwise unintelligible remark to refer to man's essential *humanity*, that humanity appears in a somewhat disheartening light when at least half the book is devoted to warfare and bloodshed. We cannot but approve any anti-war propaganda, but mere harping on the horrors of war is more likely to produce blind depression than any positive results. Such an artificial relation among the stories, moreover, gives no sense of the real continuity of history.

There are exceptions, to be sure. "How Shi-Hwang-Ti Did the Impossible," "Berie the Swineherd's Son," and "How Rollo Came to Noyelles" are vivid and interesting, as is also "Balamir the Dwarf of Attila." They make one wish that the author had, in the manner of Hilaire Belloc, confined himself to fewer stories and done more with each one—for surely there is no magic in the number "thirty" when one deals with all human history!

The chief fault of the book lies, in fact, in overeagerness to prove a point which so often leads to bias and actual error. It is astonishing to find that military leader and servant of expediency, Mohammed, solely as a prophet of peace. The story dealing with the Civil War, moreover, contains actual inaccuracies. Mr. Southwold has not escaped the pitfalls that lie in the path of the writing of history as propaganda.

THE STRANGE SEARCH. Told from the French of EUGENIE FOA by AMENA PENDLETON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1929. $1.50.

Reviewed by DOROTHEA B. WITHINGTON

THIS title is another added to the series of books called "Stories All Children Love" and is the second in the series by the same author. The "Foreword" introduces Madame Foa, who was writing her vivacious mystery stories for children (with a view rather to entertain than to uplift) before 1850. It is also stated on good authority that the French in which she wrote them is simple and excellent. This is a hint to parents who are looking for something written in French that is at once good and appropriate for their children to read.

Eugenie Rebecca Rodrigues-Gradis, being left in Paris in hard circumstances, wrote novels for a living. Through the fulness of her love for children, she began to concoct little histories and mystery tales for them. In view of the common run of early nineteenth-century didactic literature for the young, it is easy to imagine what a boon she must have been to that generation of children; and, by virtue of her feeling for plot and characterization, her little stories are still lively and have, for an added charm, the touch of quaintness which the period set upon them.

Madame Foa admired the work of De Foe . . . hence the *nom de plume*. She wrote also under another name, that of Miss Maria Fitz-Clarence, and works of these two authors often appeared side by side in the same magazine. She slyly published the portraits of these two ladies, Miss Fitz-Clarence being pictured as a slender creature of eighteen with a sort of family resemblance to Madame Foa, a staid matron. Doubtless, from what we know of the lively Eugenie, she had great fun with her little hoax.

"The Strange Search" leads its hero and heroine through many tremendous adventures to final success. Shipwrecks and cannibal islands appear in plenty. There are also, in the beginning of the book, some excellent pictures of the Empire Paris, with the authentic ring which the author's own memories might give.

THE DO-RE-MI OF THE NIBELUNGEN RING. By ALLEN MILTON BERNSTEIN. Illustrated by CHARLES ALLEN BERNSTEIN. New York: Greenberg. 1928 $2.

Reviewed by FANNIE REED HAMMOND

IT is not often that a story which has been, in varying forms, the constant theme of writers, lecturers, and painters can be retold in such a way that it lives again as something new and beautiful. But Mr. Bernstein has accomplished this part in his retelling of the Nibelung tales.

Of the tangled threads of music and story he has woven for us a picture, beautiful, simple, easy to comprehend; under his handling the legend assumes new life and interest and the *motifs* become our friends.

The book might be an answer to that wise, old injunction: "Whatsoever things are lovely—think on these things." All that is sordid and much that is sad and tragic is touched upon but lightly and made to serve as the background, thereby enhancing the real beauty of the picture and music. The figures stand out as vividly as do those on a canvas of Pieter de Hooch or Jan Steen; there is no confusion, the story and music move along as naturally as the stream in which young Siegfried beholds his face for the first time.

In the charming Introduction is explained Wagner's manner of working and why his operas are really so easy to understand. It is always a temptation, when treating of Wagner's music, to talk too much! But here in few words we have the different *motifs* presented so simply yet forcibly that it would be impossible to forget them; the music and story are now one, never again can they be "confusing."

A BUTTONWOOD SUMMER. By ALINE KILMER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1919. $2.

Reviewed by KATHARINE WARD SEITZ

THIS is the story of a summer at Buttonwood, and the autumn and winter following it at home again. The characters are human beings and animals, Ben, and the author, who is also the mother of a few of the characters.

The hegira to Butonwood, with the enlivening features of strayed children, protesting police dogs, and forgotten baggage; the casual life on the country place peopled by such engaging characters as the pet chickens, Sheckerberry, Vernette, and Kimona; the mild alarums and excursions of birthday parties and overheated furnaces which punctuate the following winter—all this makes good reading for children from eight to eleven years old and, indeed, for grown-ups.

For the great virtue of the book is its unaffected realism. The fortunate children who move through this tale are never dressed up either in the literal or literary sense. "Nicholas," says the mother dispassionately, "plain, shambling, and overgrown, freckled, nervous, with blue eyes peering through enormous spectacles, looks like nothing on earth except possibly Don Quixote."

Here are children as we know them in life, not always radiantly healthy and beautiful, not uniformly amiable, but vigorous and interesting by virtue of their human defects. Here, too, are events which are as unemphatic and casual as we know most of life to be. The book rambles on to its inconclusive end, a little collection of spirited, photographic likenesses with something of art in its freshness and charm.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

THE summer headquarters of the Reader's Guide will be as usual at 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea, S. W., London, England, and clients will confer a favor on the mailing department of this review by sending letters to me there directly, though all mail will be forwarded. I am informed that I am already in the London telephone-book: learning this while still in New York City gives me a curious sense of being dislocated twins. But it may mean only that application has been made for enrolment, in which case, telephone companies being as they are, I will have time to adjust myself.

C. G. M., Wellesley, Mass., has celebrated, in a large school, the anniversaries of Darwin, Schubert and others this year, and now wishes to know what other famous men and women who have contributed to the arts—writing, singing, acting, painting, sculpture, designing, or any such activity—have anniversaries that might be celebrated in 1929-30.

A SCHOOL keeping up this practice should by all means provide itself with "Anniversaries and Holidays," by Mary Emogene Hazeltine, principal of the Library School of the University of Wisconsin and associate professor of bibliography there. It is a big book costing six dollars (American Library Association, 89 Randolph Street, Chicago) but the purchaser will more than get the price back in saving wear and tear on his mind. One may find in it whatever important event happened on a given day of the year, what poems or stories would be appropriate for school or other celebration of this date and —an important matter—where to find them; where pictures of the authors or other celebrities involved may be found, or appropriate plays secured; the dates of famous events, the names of those who made famous inventions, the reasons for the names of days like Ash Wednesday, Lammas Day, Mothering Sunday—a different occasion from Mother's Day, and many other sources of comfort to a program-maker.

W. L. K., Lesterville, South Dakota, asks if any history written at the time of Christ tells of his life, death, and resurrection save the Bible and Josephus's "History of the Jews"; A. B., Kalamazoo, Mich., asks who was the Unknown Disciple who wrote a life of Christ; G. H., New York, inquires about the authenticity of a letter supposed to have been written by Pilate's wife, recently used as the basis of a magazine article.

REFERRING the matter to Mr. William W. Rockwell, librarian of Union Theological Seminary, he says that practically all we know of the career of Jesus is contained in the New Testament. All other allusions to him have been carefully gathered, but nearly all of them are in Christian writers. "The reference in Josephus to Jesus seems to Professor Ernest F. Scott, Professor Foakes Jackson, and me to be an interpolation. There is a reference to St. James, "the brother of the Lord," in Josephus which Professor Scott thinks is genuine because Josephus alludes to James as the brother of the "so-called Christ." All the letters ascribed to Pilate's wife or to Lentulus are sheer fabrications. The earliest of this *genre* is the alleged letter of Jesus to Abgar, King of Odessa, which was forged probably as early as 200 A.D."

Mr. Rockwell goes on, "That Jesus really existed has been questioned only in the last hundred years and then by certain learned radicals who tried to prove that he was a myth. Their arguments are well answered by Professor Shirley Jackson Case in his book entitled 'The Historicity of Jesus,' published by the University of Chicago Press in 1912."

Inquiries about various apocryphal writings have been coming now and again since a number of these were widely advertised in an illustrated book. My own advice to those interested is to consult "The Apocryphal New Testament" (Oxford University Press), which contains the apocryphal gospels, acts, epistles, and apocalypses, together with other narratives and fragments, translated by Montague R. James. "New Sayings of Jesus and Fragments of a Lost Gospel from Oxyrhynchus," edited with translation and commentary, is published by the same press. New Testament apocrypha appear in "The See of Peter," by Professor James T. Shotwell and L. R. Loomis, a study of the Synoptic Gospels showing what passages seem to have been added by later editors. The same house publishes a new volume of the Home University Library, "Jesus of Nazareth," by Bishop Gore, a simple modern comment intended to enable men and women to read Mark and Luke more understandingly.

W. O., Pittsburgh, Pa., asks for readable histories of Greece, Rome, Europe from about the eighth century, and England. He has read various brief histories, but wishes fuller treatment.

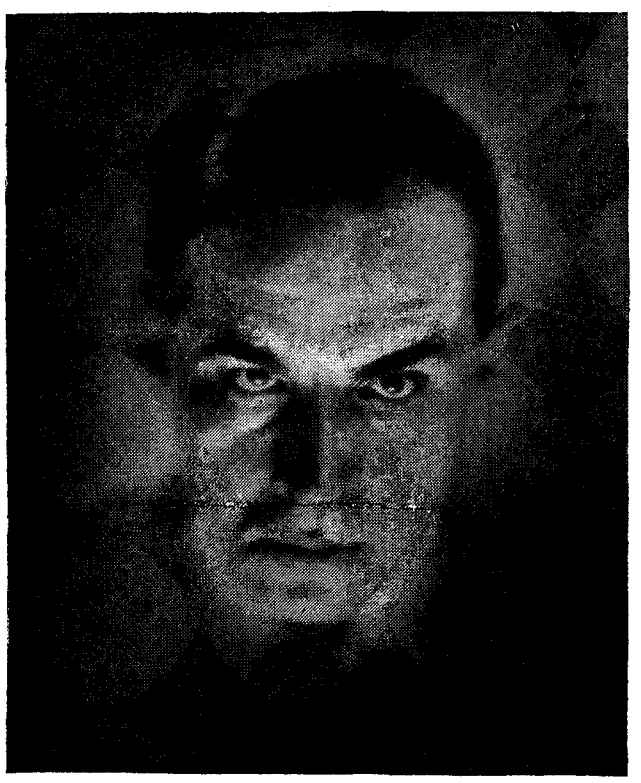
THE Greek history I keep at hand for reference, one that I find interesting enough in its style to keep me reading on beyond the specific information I have found, is "Hellenic History," edited by J. H. Botsford (Macmillan), and the corresponding volume in my library for Rome is Tenney Frank's "History of Rome" (Holt). I would not, however, be deprived of "The Legacy of Greece" and "The Legacy of Rome" (Oxford University Press), two surveys of civilization to accompany the reading of history and enliven it. The large fine volume "Eternal Rome," by Grant Showerman (Yale), goes from earliest times to the present day, and would be a joy to one who loves to read along these lines.

For a condensed history, James Harvey Robinson's "General History of Europe" (Ginn) gets the most into the least space, a single volume for high-school or college use. The reader with more time and shelf-room may have Arthur James Grant's excellent "History of Europe" (Longmans, Green), which is also published in three sections. So is G. M. Trevelyan's "History of England" (Longmans, Green), which from the rest of this reader's letter I think will be the history of which he is in search. All the books named are useful for ready reference purposes.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 62. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed lyric called "July Nightfall." (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of July 1.)



ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
whose book, "All Quiet on the Western Front" was the June choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

EMARQUE is a young German, whose family apparently were *emigrés* from France during the French Revolution. Hardly more than a schoolboy, with millions of other lads on both sides, he was plunged into the war on the Western front. His book, though in the form of fiction, is based largely upon his own experience. It created a true literary sensation in Germany (the American publishers of the book inform us that over 500,000 copies of the book have been sold there) followed lately by one in England. Most of the foreign commentators regard it, in the phrase of the never-intemperate *Manchester Guardian,* as "surely the greatest of all war books." It was a unanimous choice, incidentally, of our own five judges.

In the long pre-publication report about this book, which appeared in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*,— Remarque's book was described as a modern equivalent of Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*. "There is not a trace of nationalism in it," the report read, "nor of animosity toward an old enemy. To those who were in the war, as to those who were not, it bears the accent of simple truth that makes one exclaim with every page that is turned, as one German critic did, 'This, this, this is the War at last!'"

Without venom, with a frequent humor, but all the more impressively for these reasons, the book outlines the tragedy of an obliterated generation of lads, passing through a searing experience the like of which, probably, no other generation of boys has ever had in human history. And the high point of the ' ' (most people will find it so, w lieve) curiously has nothing t with fighting, but with a poi realization on the part of this nc young foot-soldier that all his roots with the familiar scenes and things, among which he had quietly grown, have been ruthlessly cut by his experiences. He comes to this realization during a first short leave at home, for which he had been craving with all his heart. He finds there that the truth about the war is so utterly beyond the conception of those whom he loved that he cannot even speak with them about it but must be silent or evasive. He has become of a race apart from his own people; the hated trench and No-Man's Land—and the book outlines simply and vividly what they connoted — have become his normal milieu. It is but a brief chapter, yet it is one which no one who reads will ever be likely to forget.

* * *

The Book-of-the-Month Club is the only organization of its kind which sends its subscribers pre-publication reports, such as the one quoted above, allowing them to take the "book-of-the-month" or not, as they wish. Subscribers may take as few as four books a year out of 250 to 300 recommended and reported upon by our judges. Over 100,000 judicious book-readers now subscribe to this service, *more than to all the other book-clubs in the United States combined*. If you are interested to know how it operates, and what it does for you, mail the coupon below for information. To those who subscribe now, the first book is being given free, provided it costs no more than $3.00.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 117*)

VAGABONDING AT FIFTY FROM SIBERIA TO TURKESTAN. By HELEN CALISTA WILSON and ELSIE REED MITCHELL. Coward-McCann. 1929. $5.

If any other authors than two middle-aged women had written this book, it would have been undistinguished. Harry Franck and his followers have done nearly all that can be done with books about roughing it for adventure. But to trail these two spirited ladies as they set out blithely afoot in the mountains of southern central Siberia, to find them packing their clothes hastily away in their waterproof sack at the approach of a thunderstorm, and then going for a swim if a lake or stream is handy, or else "enjoying a bracing shower-bath," to come upon them camping in the rain at the bottom of a hollow in a field in which horses are pastured, to stay with them until they finally reach Turkestan, see Samarkand and Bokhara, and finally return home by way of Moscow, is to share a unique experience.

Their narrative is a directly and simply written sort of diary, without an apparent purpose except to give as many graphic details as possible and to show that the varied individuals encountered in their tour of the Soviet Union—from Kalmuks to Russians—were kindred under their skins with the travelers. The book is enlivened by a play of keen, tolerant middle-aged feminine humor. And the dog, Ferghana, is a companion as essential and unusual as was Stevenson's modestine in his "Travels with a Donkey."

HOLLAND. By *Marjorie Bowen*. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

FRONTIERS OF HOPE. By *Horace M. Kallen*. New York: Horace Liveright. $3.

THE PILGRIMS' WAY IN SOUTH AFRICA. By *Dorothea Fairbridge*. London: Oxford University Press.

PEOPLE AND PLACES. By *Douglas Goldring*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.

A BAGHDAD CHRONICLE. By *R. Levy*. Macmillan.

THE ROAD TO FRANCE. By *Gordon S. Maxwell*. Dutton. $2.50.

HALF-HOURS IN OLD LONDON. By *Henry Prince*. Dutton. $2.50.

TRAVELS IN THE CONGO. By *André Gide*. New York: Knopf. $5.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO PARIS! By *Clara E. Laughlin*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

AN IRISH RAMBLE. By *Charles Fish Howell*. Greenberg. $2.50.

A WAYFARER IN THE PYRENEES. By *E. I. Robson*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

I DISCOVER GREECE. By *Harry A. Franck*. Century. $4.

HOME UPHOLSTERY. By *M. Dane*. Pitman. $1.

PRACTICAL GLOVE MAKING. By *Isabel M. Edwards*. Pitnam. $1.

PRINTS AND PATTERNS. By *Idalia B. Littlejohns*. Pitman. $1.

ALEXANDER AND SOME OTHER CATS. Compiled by *Sarah J. Eddy*. Marshall Jones. $3.

BOOKPLATES. By *Harold Nelson*. New York: Caxton Press. $5.

MAINE: PAST AND PRESENT. By *the Maine Writers Research Club*. Heath. $2.

MEDICINE. By *Edward B. Vedder*. Williams & Wilkins. $5.

JEWISH MUSIC. By *A. Z. Idelsohn*. Holt. $6.

EPIGRAMS IN HAI-KAI. By *Robert C. (Bob) Lafferty*. Culture Press.

THE NEW RUBAIYAT. By *Robert C. (Bob) Lafferty*. Culture Press.

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF TONE PRODUCTION. By *John O'Vark*. New York: Schroeder & Gunther. $2.

A HANDBOOK OF HANGING. By *Charles Duff*. Hale, Cushman & Flint. $1.50.

MINUTES OF THE COURT OF ALBANY, RENSSELAERSWYCK AND SCHENECTADY. Vol. II. Albany: University of the State of New York.

AN ACADEMY FOR GROWN HORSEMEN. By *Geoffrey Gambado*. Rudge.

THE STORY OF THE SUBMARINE. By *Farnham Bishop*. Revised edition. $2.

YOUTH AND LIFE. By *Daniel A. Poling*. Dial. $2.

MODERN DOCK OPERATION. By *D. Ross-Johnson*. Pitman. $2.

RAILWAY ELECTRIFICATION AND TRAFFIC PROBLEMS. By *Philip Burtt*. Pitman. $3.

AMATEUR CINEMATOGRAPHY. By *Captain Owen Wheeler*. Pitman. $2.

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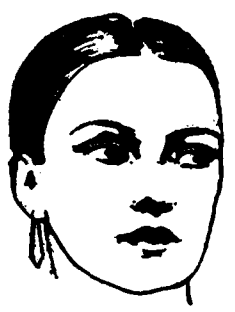

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"KEY TO NEW LIMITED EDITIONS"

THE Publishers' Weekly, which by the way is one of the most lively and serviceable of bookman's journals, with a great deal of current information not restricted to booksellers' interests, publishes in the issue for June 1 a list under the above title. It is a real help at a time of extreme activity in publishing, and especially in a time when new methods and new alignments are coming forward.

Under each head appear the names of the proprietors, the business addresses, and considerable information about the various publications being undertaken by each publisher. The "Key" includes works announced by Random House, Limited Editions Club, The Fountain Press, The Anderson Books, Doubleday, Doran & Co., The Westgate Press, The Spiral Press, The Signed Edition Club, Rimington & Hooper, Covici-Friede, William Edwin Rudge, and The Bowling Green Press.

With the usual American desire to be doing exactly what everyone else is doing at the same time the other fellow is at it, these limited edition schemes have multiplied enormously in the past year or so. Most of them are quite worth while as to their titles (*pace* my esteemed collaborator): it is to be hoped that their sponsors have not set out on a programme which will glut the market. R.

FOR HORSEMEN AND OTHERS

"OF one thing I am certain," says George Borrow, "that the reader must be much delighted with the wholesome smell of the stable." Certainly one would never say that of the noisome odor of the garage! The love of horses has been the criterion of a gentleman for many generations; to quote Borrow again, "When you are a gentleman, the first thing you must think about is to provide yourself with a good horse for your own particular riding." And there is something wholesome—"Cheering" and "refreshing" he calls it—about "stable hartshorn." So about "horsey" books there is something vigorous and stimulating, whether the books be utilitarian volumes on breeding, riding, or driving, or whether they be books of high humor, like "An Academy for Grown Horsemen, Containing the Completest Instructions . . . by Geoffrey Gambado," first imprinted at London in 1787, and now published in photographic facsimile by William Edwin Rudge.

Mr. Owen Culbertson, who contributes an introduction, calls this book "the most riotously humorous rare book about horses, riders, and equitation that has come down to us." It was written and illustrated by Sir William Bunbury of Barton in Suffolk, brother to the winner of the first Derby—a Colonel of the Militia and Equerry to the Duke of York, who "spent the greater part of his time visiting friends at country places and in fishing, shooting, and riding to hounds." Altogether the perfect gentleman, you note. And in the intervals of his sport, he must have had a fine time writing this book!

The book (which is a most excellent example of the best printing of its time) has been admirably reproduced, both as to text and plates. There have been added two modern plates by Gordon Ross in the spirit of the older work. One hundred copies of a de luxe edition have been struck off, and four hundred copies of the regular edition. It is an excellent book to add to one's library. R.

THE POETRY QUARTOS

THE printing of poetry offers problems to the publisher, and too often the volume of verse is far too elaborate for the contents. There is a sort of blind worship of cloth bound books which results in overbinding and consequently overpricing work which does not warrant so serious an effort. The Poetry Quartos recently published by Random House avoid the luxury of full binding by being grouped as twelve brochures in a slip case. It is an excellent way to meet the situation.

The poems themselves are here first printed—which is good. They represent the work of twelve well-known American poets—Taggard, Frost, Lindsay, Robinson, Untermeyer, Kreymborg, "H. D.," Wylie, Dreiser, Benét, Aiken, and Binner.

What is chiefly interesting, and indeed notable, about these slim quartos is that they were designed, printed, and "made" by Paul Johnson at Silvermine, Connecticut. And there is an astonishing fertility of variety about them: they are all thoroughly well done, each in a different way, yet all hanging together by reason of size and purpose. The typography and presswork are competent, and the designs on the covers are decorative. In the day of "big things" it is pleasant to record the work of Paul Johnson at Silvermine in Connecticut. R.

Auction Sales Calendar

Sotheby & Company. June 24-26 inclusive. Printed books and a few manuscripts, autograph letters, and historical documents, Persian and Turkish manuscripts and miniatures, together with books from the library of Daniel Wray, Deputy Teller of the Exchange, presented in 1784 to Sutton's Hospital in Charterhouse, and now sold by order of the Governors. The Wray books include: Sir Francis Drake's "Ephemeris expeditionis Norreysii & Draki in Lusitaniam," London, 1589, the first edition in Latin; Louis Hennepin's "A New Discovery of a vast Country in America," London, 1698; William Hubbard's "Narative of the Troubles with the Indians in New-England," the second issue of the first edition with twelve lines of errata, and with the License leaf dated "Boston, March 29, 1677" (the folding woodcut map of New England is in *unusually fine condition*); Henry Hudson's "Descriptio ac delineatio Geographica Detectionis Freti," Amsterdam, 1612; Ionsonvs Viribivs: or, the Memorie of Ben,"

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London, 1638; Sir Lewis Lewkenor's "The Estate of English Fugitives under the King of Spaine," London, 1595; Peter Martyr's "The Decades of the Newe Worlde or West India," translated by Rycharde Eden, "Imprynted at London in Paules Churchyarde . . . by Roberte Toy, 1555"; Cotton Mather's "Wonders of the Invisible World," Boston, 1693; Increase Mather's "Further Account of the Tryals of the New-England Witches," the first London edition, 1693; Anthony Munday's "The English Romayne Lyfe," London, 1582; "The Life and Acts of the most famous and valiant Champion, Sir William Wallace, Knight of Ellerslie," Edinburgh, 1640; and Roger Williams's "A Key into the Language of America," London, 1643. Among the other items in the sale are: "The Abridgement of the booke of Assises," London, Richard Tottill, September, 1555; Milton's "Secrets of Government and the Misteries of State," 1697; an Iudulgence probably printed by Pynson in about 1520; Thomas Taylor's "Christ's Combate and Conquest," 1618; "Libro del rey Canamor y del infante Turian su hijo," Valencis, 1527; a group of Sir Walter Scott's novels, 1816-1824, in original boards; a presentation copy of the "Psaumes de David, mis en Vers français," from Charlotte Brontë to her sister Emily, with a long autograph inscription; an unrecorded trial edition of Tennyson's "Holy Grail and Other Poems," with corrections and additions in the author's autograph; a series of letters and documents relating to the 1689 Rising, from John Graham of Claverhouse, Lord Dunfermline, and others, including a letter written by Dundee on the eve of his death; General Howe's Order Books after his capture of New York and during the occupation, from September 27, 1776, to June 2, 1777; a series of contemporary manuscripts, relating to the foundation of the Province of Maryland and to its early history, the private papers of the Lords Cecilius and Charles Baltimore, the first and second proprietors of the colony; a Robert Burns autograph manuscript song, two large folio pages; first editions and presentation copies of Sir James M. Barrie, George Moore, George Bernard Shaw, and an unusually large collection of John Galsworthy, O.M.; two large collections of bookplates; several letters of Hardy, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Tennyson, Dickens, Meredith, Swinburne, Sir Walter Scott, Burns, Stevenson, and G. B. Shaw.

Hodgson & Company. June 20-21. First editions of Thomas Carlyle, Henry Fielding, Wordsworth, Shelley, Dickens, Conrad, Kipling, and Galsworthy; presentation copies of Izaak Walton's "Life of Mr. Rich. Hooker," 1665; Coleridge's "Christabel," 1816; Johnson's "Idler," the first collected edition, 1761; a large collection of first editions, corrected proofs, and autograph letters of George Bernard Shaw, including one letter of thirty-six octavo pages to Pakenham Beatty; several autograph letters and manuscripts by, or relating to, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, and Mary Shelley (there is one series of seventeen unpublished letters addressed to Edward Dawkins, Chargé d'Affaires at Florence, relating to the legal complications connected with the so-called "Pisan Affray," twelve of which are Byron's); and several original drawings and pen-and-ink sketches by Robert Cruikshank.

Further selections from the late Clement King Shorter's library were sold at Sotheby's on June 10th and 11th. These included the autograph manuscript of George Gissing's "Comrades in Arms," and a short article entirely in the handwriting of Thomas Hardy on Mrs. Henniker as a writer. The remainder of the items were of no especial interest.

G. M. T.

LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB

For a letter replying to the comment upon the Limited Editions Club printed in this department last week, see page 1116.

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For this issue *The Inner Sanctum* goes rotogravure in a valiant effort to record what the movie magnates would call "the parade of the titans."

Never in five years of publishing, at 37 West 57th Street, have so many first flight books crowded so close upon one another as in the last few weeks—and the procession calls for almost six best sellers to pass a given point.

As exclusively NOT predicted in these columns, *Wolf Solent*, the new two-volume novel by JOHN COWPER POWYS, has marched, in a single seven-league stride, to both the honor roll and the best-seller lists! At Brentano's it was listed as number three among the fiction-leaders almost the day after publication, and the reviews, the acclaim, the clamorous re-orders, and the presses are going full blast night and day.

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NEWS!

THEODORE DREISER and WILL DURANT were among a group of friends who gave JOHN COWPER POWYS a bon voyage dinner last week. . . . It was a sight for the lads to see the monolith of American realism pay tribute to the prince of mystics. . . . POWYS returns from England in September. . . . ROBERT L. RIPLEY has just come back from the wilds of Honduras and Yucatan with a trunk load of new *Believe-It-or-Nots* . . . The ZIEGFELD production of J. P. McEvoy's Show Girl, with music by GEORGE GERSHWIN, is now in rehearsal for an early Broadway opening. . . . WILL DURANT is busy denying the rumor that he lost twenty million dollars in the stock market . . . It wasn't speculation, it was metaphysics, and he didn't lose it, he made it. . . .

—ESSANDESS

THE PHOENIX NEST

WE can't quite figure the force of a line used to advertise "Little Cæsar," published by Lincoln MacVeagh, the Literary Guild Selection for June. It is a story of Chicago's underworld, by *W. R. Burnett*, and the line we mean is: *"I Studied Maupassant!"—W. R. Burnett.* Good wine needs no such bushwa. What if he did? Lots of people have studied *Maupassant*, only to become very poor writers themselves. In this case, evidently, Maupassant has been a good influence upon a good writer; but it's no great feat to have studied him. A good many of our classmates in college used to study him exhaustively in subscription editions when they ought to have been getting up their home-work. . . .

Once more we achieve fame! Richard G. Badger Publisher of Boston writes us that we must have accumulated material that would be well worth publishing. All we can say is that all we did accumulate that was worth publishing was published a good while ago. We are now in a senile decline. . . .

William R. Kane, who edits on Book Hill, Highland Falls, N. Y., *The Editor Magazine*, informs us:

> Are you agog or gagged to know that after having looked enviously upon the successful venture in Hoboken, a group of venturers have leased the Garrick Theatre in Philadelphia for the summer and are offering there a season of revivals of good plays of recent years? As you will notice from the enclosed they have also taken some leaves from the Book of the Theatre Guild.

The "enclosed" is a broadside headed "Play of the Week." The "Play of the Week," Inc. begins its program on June 17th, next Monday. Its players will be selected from *Henrietta Crosman, Grant Mitchell, Madge Kennedy, Katherine Cornell, Mary Nash, Henry Hull, Florence Reed*, and *Fay Bainter;* its plays selected from "The Royal Family," "Enter Madame," "Paris Bound," "Fair and Warmer," "An American Tragedy," "East is West," and others. The slogan is "Popular Players in Popular Plays at Popular Prices." . . .

Speaking of "Enter Madame," we attended a Century tea in the Japanese Garden of the Ritz last week for *Dolly Donn-Byrne*, widow of the celebrated Irish novelist, and went on from there up to *John Farrar's*, where we heard all about the plans of the newly established publishing firm of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., with offices at 12 East 41st Street. It seems there was once two Doubleday-Doranites, *Stanley M. Rinehart, Jr.*, and John Farrar. Mr. Rinehart was formerly sales director of D. D. & Co., being before that vice-president and general manager of the George H. Doran Company. Mr. Farrar was editor of Doubleday, Doran & Co., being before that editor of the George H. Doran Company. Well, it seems that now Mr. Rinehart is President of Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., and Mr. Farrar is vice-president of Farrar and Rinehart, Inc. The new firm will publish a carefully selected list of highly individual fiction and non-fiction, emphasizing the close personal relationship of author, publisher, and bookseller. A limited number of books will be published this autumn. English and continental connections have already been established, and the Oxford University Press, Toronto, will represent the publishers in Canada. *Frederick R. Rinehart* is Secretary of the new firm. . . .

And speaking of new experiments in the theatre, we attended a week ago last Friday an evening at the Studio of *Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lawren* devoted to a meeting of the committee on organization of The Irish Theatre in New York, of which *Miceal Breathnach* is Director, at the Cherry Lane Playhouse, 40 Commerce Street. In our opinion an Irish Theatre in New York is a swell idea. . . .

The Atlantic prize of $5,000 for "the most interesting biography" recently went to *Mrs. Herbert D. Brown* of Washington, D. C., for a biography, principally in the form of dialogue, of *Mrs. Maria D. Brown*, by her youngest daughter-in-law. The title of the book is "Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years, 1827-1927." The elder Mrs. Brown's grandfather was a compatriot of General Israel Putnam and her father one of the early settlers in the Northwest Territory. Her life spanned pioneer days in the West, the abolition movement, the Civil War, western migrations, and farm development, the temperance question, the Chicago World's Fair, and so on, down through the World War. . . .

Carlo De Fornaro, translator of "The Memoires of Casanova," has rendered into English "The Chinese Decameron," in an edition strictly limited to five hundred numbered copies of which twenty-five copies numbered one to twenty-five, are specially bound, hand illuminated and signed by the translator. The ordinary edition is ten dollars per copy, the special edition fifteen. The book is obtainable from C. Gerhardt at 17 West 44th Street.

Cosmo Clark's beautiful illustrations to *Bruce Gould's* "Sky Larking: The Romantic Adventure of Flying," just published by Horace Liveright, fitly set off a fascinatingly written book on the lure of the air. Gould was a U. S. Naval flyer during the War, and recently co-author with his wife of a most successful Theatre Guild play, "Man's Estate." . . . .

And that reminds us that *Charles MacArthur's* "War Bugs" (Doubleday, Doran) is also the work of a contemporary dramatist. And it is a "different" sort of war book indeed. It concerns the 149th Field Artillery, recruited summer of 1917 from Chicago and the University of Illinois and added to the Rainbow Division which sailed in one convoy that October. MacArthur's story of St. Mihiel and the Argonne is told in the buck private's own vocabulary. It is as fresh as paint and as lively as—but we can't think up a simile. It's livelier than most. . . .

Juanita Tanner contends that her book "The Intelligent Man's Guide to Marriage and Celibacy" is a parallel study of a subject of even greater importance to humanity than that discussed in *Bernard Shaw's* "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism." She is the daughter of *Ann Whitefield* and of the *John Tanner* in Shaw's "Man and Superman." That is—so to speak. Her book is published by Bobbs-Merrill. . . .

Louis Adamic has done a study of *Robinson Jeffers* for the University of Washington Chapbooks edited by *Glenn Hughes*. It is number twenty-seven in that series. It is an excellent thumbnail picture of a great man, convincing one of his greatness. Jeffers is one of the few poetic phenomena of our time. . . .

We thank *John Albert Holmes*, Tufts '29, for sending us a copy of the *Tuftonian* for May, which contains some interesting comment on contemporary American poetry, articles on *Robert Frost*, The Millay Legend, The Sitwell Trio, and so on. . . .

We wonder if the Van Vechten prize for the best essay on missions and the Van Doren prize for an essay on missions, recently won by young Millard at Rutgers, in his clean sweep of awards enabling him to marry on graduation, were donated by New York's two literary Carls? And in what spirit did *Carl Van Vechten* donate a prize for the best essay on missions—if he did? . . . .

Vachel Lindsay has returned from Spokane to take up residence in his long-loved Springfield, Illinois. With him are his wife and two youngsters, Susan and Nicholas. A new volume of Lindsay's poems, "Every Soul is a Circus," will be published by Macmillan in the fall, with sketches by Lindsay himself and illustrative designs by *George M. Richards*. . . .

On October fourth next Covici-Friede will bring out the first novel of one of the most productive of contemporary English poets and critics. This is "The Death of a Hero" by *Richard Aldington*, portraying the effects of the hero's military demise on his wife and on the woman who is not his wife. . . .

Outsiders, published twice a year at 616 East Lincoln Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y., prints the work of writers who have had little or nothing accepted by professional magazines; it provides an outlet and an audience for the obscure writer. It has possibilities. The second issue is better than the first. . . .

So that'll be all for tonight.

THE PHOENICIAN.

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